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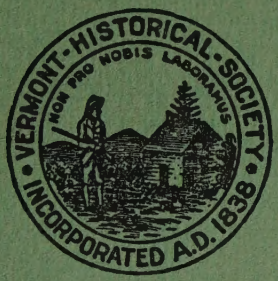

The Quest for Vermont Ballads
Index of Ballads and Folk-Songs in the Archive of Vermont Folk-Songs
Three Vermont Ballads with Tunes
"Speaking from Vermont"—*A Review*
Postscript

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
JUNE
1939

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Proceedings

of the

VERMONT

Historical Society

JUNE

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By *The Editor*

"Highgate from an Old Account Book," by George P. Anderson, Esq., will be the feature of the September issue of the *Proceedings*. We hope to be able to offer our readers a discussion based on the Vermont section of the second census of the United States, published by the Society recently under the title, *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800—The State of Vermont*. The paper mentioned will introduce a series which will trace racial movements in the state from 1800 to the present.

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PVHS

Proceedings of the
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1939

NEW SERIES JUNE VOL. VII NO. 2

THE QUEST FOR VERMONT BALLADS

By HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS
in charge
Archive of Vermont Folk-Songs

We are confident that all of our readers, including those who have ventured into the field of ballad research and those to whom it is a strange area, will be interested in the story of Vermont ballads and the quest for them as told in this engaging paper by Mrs. Flanders. The songs of a people, aside from any intrinsic value, have appealing connotations to all students who are seeking to capture the soul of a people; so our Vermont ballads and songs furnish the peepholes through which we may look into the inner life of Vermont in many of its revealing aspects. This phase of our history, almost totally neglected, until Mrs. Flanders turned her skill, interest, and understanding to rescuing it, will not be overlooked hereafter. An index of all Vermont ballads and folk-songs now in the Vermont Archive follows this paper, and supplementary lists will be published from time to time. Also, we have invited Mrs. Flanders to use our pages in the future as her fascinating quest brings its inevitable rewards. More extended comment will be found in the Postscript. Editor.

IN 1930, I was asked to prospect for folk-songs and ballads among the memories of the people of the state for Professor A. W. Peach's Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on

Country Life; to collect and make available in book form the traditional texts and tunes transcribed exactly as sung. An appropriation made possible an expert field-recorder. Mr. George Brown, skilled in song-notation and well-versed in ballad literature, spent a month in the southern counties, transcribing such material as he identified as important. His experience and the veritable treasures recovered were a most convincing argument for continued research. The fascination of this lore continues; its excitement is cumulative.

There is no precedent for what each day may bring to a collector of old ballads. There is no avoiding the crowding potentialities of each day. Desire in this quest mounts readily to passion.

Lovers of antiques in furniture, old glass, and old books may possibly experience some of this flair. But they may think mostly of the noncommittal look of some barn, the "poker face" of some dealer, the mystery of an old attic. They are never overwhelmed by the fact that they may at that very moment be passing on the street a person who has some invaluable contribution; nor are they in anguish when they see a tramp whose itinerant life may have made him a repository of what one goes far afield to seek; nor do they inwardly cry out to enter an abandoned house where illiterate rats may be eating precious words from some important broadside.

One of the satisfactions of this kind of "antiquing" is that both parties meet at their best. There is no bargaining involved; there is no endeavor to get much for little, or to charge all the traffic will bear. On the contrary there is a free and soul-satisfying exchange of experience in which the giving is at least as blessed as the receiving. It becomes an interchange rich in human experience.

There is quality of period in all forms of antiques. But the words and tunes of antique ballads are flavored with the humors, reflections, arguments, beliefs, emotions of people. Aside from the feeling in the wording of ballad-makers, one's thoughts can flow in currents along with those of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Samuel Pepys, Addison, Bishop Percy, and Sir Walter Scott—to mention but a few writers whose expressed appreciations have been handed down these several centuries. Ballads now found in Vermont were antiques when these personages first delighted in them.

Their experience is not ours. They have not come upon these ballads as transplanted repossessed effects. They did not first find them in published collections as moribund or as alive as cold print can make them, and then discover them further articulated by their tune, re-

appearing into everyday lives from their remote past. Our experience is a more self-conscious one, but not less satisfying on that account.

Each collector who recovers and preserves this material has his own especial associations. The Vermont Archive contains some nine hundred and twenty-one texts and four hundred and five records of tunes. The intangible, indescribable delights which went with the collecting of each song are not filed with them. These cannot exist in words. The glow or the gloom with which one day ends and another is anticipated remains unstated. The warmth of heart where in some home a common appreciation of certain lines in their tunes falls alike upon a collector and singer cannot be itemized and classified as Early American or British.

Even that moment before driving out of the yard, with the dictaphone, address books, looseleaf notebooks, etc., on the seat of the car, cannot be distilled into the written word. Just beyond the windshield is the day—which one regards as untouched and undoubtedly undeserved (in the flurry of what is to be neglected at home)—so different each time, but always so electric with the unknown.

Therefore, we drive on. What town is this? The town of ——. Out come the address books. Under its name we read of this person and that, and what we were told is sung in that home. The first addresses in the book came from an open letter to every Vermont newspaper in 1930, which we worded something like this:

By the Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life we have been asked to find and make available for all music-lovers any songs which have been passed on by word of mouth, and fiddle tunes which have been learned by ear throughout many generations, which are now known to any one living in our State, or whose forebears were of the State.

Aside from what will be in memories, we wish to be loaned words to old songs with no known authors as found written down in old letters, ledgers, recipe books, diaries. We would also like old words to songs from broadsides (sheets of paper usually divided with a line or scroll on each side of which are printed verses to an old song, accompanied ordinarily by printer's name and date). Photostat copies are important.

We would like the opportunity to see hymn books published earlier than 1820.

We are not seeking so-called "state songs" which usually have a known author.

In communicating with the undersigned, please give title and, if possible, two lines of any song offered. These lines are very important because titles seldom identify material; for instance, the valuable "Willie of Winsbury" is sometimes known under the title of "Fair Mary."

Since these addresses are now several years old, we are sometimes sadly told, "Mother died four years ago. She often spoke of that letter in the paper and wondered if you would come"; or "Father's memory has failed since his illness"; or "No, Auntie is living now with her married daughter out in Iowa." Instinctively we press on the accelerator to catch up with some ballad-singer who may be vanishing even now, when he still hopes to see us.

Wherever possible, the address includes some note which slightly introduces the collector. It is so pleasant to be able to speak of a mutual friend and say, "She could remember only a fragment of this song, but thinks that you can remember how your Uncle Simon sang it"; or "After you had your family reunion, I heard from ———— in California about the ballad you had sung your grandchildren at that gathering, just as your grandmother had taught you. It differs from the one in our first published collection."

Speaking of this published collection,[1] one remote neighborhood was visited where a copy was being passed around from home to home, until they fairly knew the contents by heart. In this quest, it was a grateful contrast to the occasional home that lives mostly by word-of-radio.

Radio presentations were previously a betrayal of the ballad. There, the singer often loaded with synthetic dialect, lines commonly known in the Appalachians, along the levee, or on the plains. A drawl or whine carried the sad themes, a trippingly flippant manner charged the others, all sung with an ingratiating accent. This was very pleasant but unconvincing among ballad connoisseurs. If it *was* the folk, it was what the folk listeners had begun to *think* was the folk. Before a microphone, a farmer is not likely to tip back in his chair, close his

1. VERMONT FOLK-SONGS AND BALLADS by HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS and GEORGE BROWN. *No. 1 Green Mountain Series.* 256 pp. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt. First edition, 1931 (out of print). Second edition, 1932. Now distributed by A. W. Peach, 6 Prospect St., Northfield, Vt. $1.50.

eyes, and sing for hours on end long stories which stand out as if his words were sung in the dark. Nor does the carpenter have the same burst of song as, when hammering nails into boards, the smell of the lumber will remind him of what was commonly known among the woodsmen.

However, certain recent broadcasts, such as the White Spirituals by the Harp Singers of Nashville, Tennessee, led by Dr. George Pullen Jackson; the singing of John G. Niles, and some local broadcasts by indigenous singers give often rare demonstration of this folk expression. Often in Vermont we meet persons who have heard such broadcasts and who say, "We didn't sing it that way." A collector knows that the version of any singer is correct *if it is sung as it was passed on orally to him.* The files contain many forms of the same song—all welcomed because they indicate the alterations which different people, times, and regions have made in texts and airs.

Singers certainly adopt their song to their locale. Mr. George Brown assisted me for a month of collecting songs in 1930. In Bennington, he recorded "Bold Robing Hood" as it was sung by an elderly gentleman, Mr. Sharon Harrington. The tale ran true to the European tradition until its last line, "We are two sisters' sons and was banished from Americee." Another American adaptation is the surprising line in "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" which was sung by Mr. Josiah S. Kennison of Townshend. Fair Eleanor arrives:

She rode 'til she came to Lord Thomas' gate,
She knocked aloud on the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and let her in (repeat).

He took her by her lily-white hand,
And led her across the floor,
And seated her in a rocking chair
Among the ladies there.

Mr. James Shepherd sings an interesting Irish version of the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" which has these additional verses, non-existent in English versions:

O, didn't you know my lily-white hand,
Likewise my auburn hair,
O, didn't you know that ring of gold
You gave me once to wear?

Right well I know your lily-white hand
Right well, your auburn hair,
Right well I know that ring of gold
That I gave you once to wear.

In this song the Bailiff's Daughter informs her lover that the report of her death is false. I had occasion to write the following letter:

Dear Mr. Shepherd:

The other night Mr. —— was calling and speaking about a book of songs I had recently published. I knew he knew you so I spoke of the fact that I had included one you sang, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Irelontown," and said that I was sorry it came out after your death. What was my amazement to hear —— say that he had called upon you not long ago, and that I was wrong! Can you imagine how happy I was? It seemed quite simple to have you resurrected from the dead—quite like "the well-bred youth" in your ballad. All I had to do was to talk with the right person!

I must have originally talked with the wrong *person. I was told some time ago that you had been in the Springfield Hospital, and after your return home, had passed away. Well, as Mark Twain said, "The report was greatly exaggerated." So I cannot resist telling you just how it all happened and what a grand relief it was to me to know you are able to enjoy life and that I can send you a present of the new book.*

I shall come up to see you in the spring when driving isn't so slippery and treacherous.

Sometimes I have been requested by surviving relatives to bring into their home the sound of a departed voice by means of my dictaphone records.

Old ballads wear many disguises. I had been with my ear to the ground for three years hoping to hear "False Lamkin." A trace of its story, sung at a kitchen dance near "Canady Line," had been offered me, but no lines. Then in my home town Mrs. E. M. Sullivan one day sang about a robber, "William Tom King":

Keep your doors well bolted and your windows well pinned up
For fear William Tom King would come up.

She went on to tell that the robber did get in and made a lot of

trouble. I should not have, but I *did* ask, "Did you ever hear the verse

'there was blood in the kitchen
and blood in the hall'?"

and she promptly supplied

"blood on the porch
and blood on the wall."

I suppose I shall never know whether her quick Irish wit and anxiety to please rushed those words to my rescue, or whether they were a part of what she had formerly heard.

Mrs. Sullivan sang one day

"Get off, get off," the old dame cried,
"Get off, get off," cried she,
"Or I'll send you away from Ireland,
I'll send you o'er the sea."

She cut away her golden locks
That none her rank might know.
She took away her robe of silk
And gave her one of tow.

I was gullible. It was certainly in a ballad tune and had the haunting quality of folk transmission. This sounded like many another song she had treasured during sixty or seventy years. She named the Irish servant girl whose mother had taught it to her.

I sang it to my friend, Mr. Phillips Barry, who was far better at "spotting" ballads than I. Promptly he took down his Whittier and turned to "Fair Kathleen" for comparison of texts. Whittier had written:

O, then up spake the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk
And gave her one of tow.

A publisher's note states: "This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster."

The Rhine has its songs and legends, which make every ruined castle, many a bend in the river, and certain vineyard-banded hills, live in peopled melody. Vermont in her own fashion can do as well. Early in this research I came upon a carpenter who had been formerly a guide in the Connecticut Lakes region. He sang "Margery Grey." It had been given him by word of mouth nearly fifty years before, by a blind singer who hesitated to tell it to the boy. He was too young to endure its meaning; let him grow older. The child *did* grow older—where the legend was a living matter to him. He was on trails in the same country where Margery Grey had wandered from the blazed trail from the last outpost of civilization on the Connecticut River—Fort Number Four; where her baby had died from hunger, and where anguish and bewilderment alone distinguished one day from another from April until October. By that time she had crossed the headwaters of the Connecticut and traversed its eastern side. She came among people who recognized her, just when winter was in the offing.

This legend had been a living thing to him. It was his feeling that it should be so to me before he was through singing. *He* did not know that Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr was its author and that it was published in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1872. He had received it traditionally, in a tune the folk had chosen to make for it. As he sang, he was remembering all he knew of the trails in the length and reaches of the Connecticut, and the few times when he himself had been lost and had determined his course by "a stick thrown into the river, to find its direction."

Ollcott Falls, near Hartford, Vermont, *may* have been the scene of a pioneer tragedy which was sung by Mr. Edward Horton, a half-breed Indian in Plymouth Union. He had learned it years before from Stillman Maxwell of Bridgewater. He called it

BOY KILLED BY A FALLING TREE IN HARTFORD

Come, all you young people far and near,
A true relation you shall hear
Of a young man as ere you see
Was killed in Hartford by a tree.

One Isaac Alcutt was his name,
Who lately into Hartford came,
Residing with his brother James,
Last Thursday noon went, as it seems,

To cut some timber for a sled,
The snow being deep, he had to wade
Near forty rods to an ash tree.
The top was dry, as you may see.

He cut the tree off the stump.
The top, being dry, threw back a clump.
It fell and struck him on the head
And smote him down; yet was not dead.

There this poor sufferer senseless lay
All the remainder of the day;
His charming face plunged in the snow
And from his head the blood did flow.

His friends and neighbors being gone,
Not knowing that he had withdrawn,
No search was made by any one
Until the setting of the sun.

Then Master Daniels and his son,
Alarmed, set out on the run.
They soon beheld him with surprise,
And gazed on him with steadfast eyes.

They first supposed him to be dead
Till by some motion of the head
They found that life was in him left
He moved his head, drawing his breath.

Oh, 'twas an awful sight to see
So fair and sprightly youth as he
All coiled and crippled in a heap,
'Twould cause the stoutest heart to weep.

One of his hands was stiffly froze,
Part of his arms, some of his toes,
The blood had issued from his wound
And thawed a passage to the ground.

They took him up and bore him home,
Put him to bed in a warm room.
They rubbed his limbs and dressed his wounds
And strove to force some cordial down.

But all in vain, the passage choke.
His blood was chilled, his skull was broke.
All, useful medicines were applied,
But he on the same evening died.

The heavy news did soon arrive
To his dear friends and relatives.
It filled their hearts with bitter grief,
But he was past all their relief.

When all his friends had gathered 'round,
A sermon preached by Elder Brown,
His pleasant corpse was borne away
To mingle with its native clay.

He was but twenty years of age
And some odd months, as we are alleged,
He was both virtuous, fair and kind,
Beloved by every civil mind.

Think on his virtuous, weeping friends,
Mourn not for him, but for your sins,
For sin is the procuring cause
That brings God's judgment unawares.

Let this a warning be to all
To be prepared when God shall call.
Methinks I hear his voice aloud
Saying, "Prepare to meet your God."

In trying to learn more about the events from which this ballad originated, I read in Tucker's *History of the Town of Hartford*, this item: "1826–1829—Rev. Abram Brown unanimously voted to invite to settle here. Ordained pastor 1826."

(North Church in Doten) "Sept. 28, 1827" (copied from a record of the Ladies' Association in Hartford, in the possession of Mrs. Roland E. Stevens) "Resolved that we will use our utmost endeavors to raise our funds to $50 to constitute the Rev. Abram Brown a life

member of the A.B.C.F. life missions. Mr. Brown was dismissed Sept. 22, 1829."

Mrs. Abram Brown was Vice President of the Ladies' Association, Nov. 12, 1829.

Was Rev. Abram Brown the "Elder Brown" of our ballad? An elderly gentleman, Mr. Cone of Hartford, said that his father (born March 30, 1819; died July 18, 1885) was a bell-ringer as a boy at the church under "Elder Brown."

A genealogical record states: "Mrs. Phoebe Olcott died towards the close of the year 1814, aged 71, in Canton, Connecticut. Children: Isaac (and others)," but I do not know "what this teaches us."

This ballad, in less complete form, is preserved in the Deerfield (Massachusetts) Museum, as the gift of Miss Julia Whiting. Of its composition, she wrote: "About one hundred years ago, my grandmother, then a woman of thirty, was living in Amherst, Massachusetts. A young man by the name of Isaac Orcutt went to Westfield to work and was there killed in an accident, and brought home to be buried. An old lady, whose name is unknown to me, composed these verses, and they were sung at his burial by six young women (of whom my grandmother was one) dressed in white who stood around his grave. I dare say the old lady composed the tune as well as the words; at any rate, words and tune go well together."

That tragedy *may* have happened at Westfield, Massachusetts, but where does legend dovetail with fact? Why did this half-breed Indian who has lived mostly in southern Vermont know so much more of a song with such a story than was known in its supposed locale? Miss Whiting thinks the tune was made up by the old lady who composed the verses. *I* think not. I have recorded from the singing of Mr. Elmer George of North Montpelier a ballad, "The Lady and the Farmer," English to the core, whose tune was used in telling the Hartford tragedy.

There is often a history of the tune independent of the life of its words. Presumably this tune came over from England, as the vehicle of this older song. It came to mind when someone, shocked by the tragedy of the falling tree, began to sing the young man's fate. In collecting, I came thus upon two different singers,[2] perfect stran-

2. Recently we have recorded "The Murder of John Dugar" as sung by Mr. W. B. Morton of Groton, Vermont, which is a variation of this same tune. So now we have English, Irish and American words; one an "eternal triangle," one a murder, and one an accident explicitly related.

gers to each other, and representing a very different experience in old songs, singing a tune which was traditionally used to widely different ballads. I am prepared for any such revelations and re-valuations from any singers.

The last lines of that ballad were similar to another ballad of pioneer times, "On Springfield Mountain," known to Josiah S. Kennison of Townshend, Vermont. Its earliest form was sober and God-fearing. College students and vaudeville performers thought that the tragedy of a boy, about to be married, succumbing instead to the bite of a rattlesnake, was worthy of burlesquing attention. The files are full of the forms in which they amuse themselves with its verses, one of the most entertaining being a way it was hiccoughed to the bitter end of each verse by Dr. John Wheeler of Burlington, while the story remained gentle and genial.

This ballad points up the region of Skitchewaug Mountain, near Springfield, Vermont, because singers of the region say that he was the only son of Lieutenant Curtis. A tombstone in a disused burying-ground near Skitchewaug Mountain, where rattlers still abound, reads: "Simeon, son of Simeon and Abigail Curtis, died July 24, 1804, aged 23 years and 54 days."

Out-of-state versions of this ballad contain the line, "Lieutenant Merrick's only son." Further convincing orientation of this ballad occurs in J. G. Holland's *History of Western Massachusetts* which tells how Timothy Merrick, only son of Lieutenant Merrick, was killed by the bite of a rattlesnake. Peck's *History of Wilbraham* records this: "Timothy Merrick, the son of Lieutenant Thomas and Mary Merrick, was bit by a rattlesnake on August 7, 1761, and died within about two or three hours, being twenty-two years, two months and three days old, and very near the point of marriage." A tombstone in the Deacon Adams Cemetery in Wilbraham states: "Here lies ye body of Mr. Timothy Mirick Son of Lieut. Thomas and Mrs. Mary Mirick who Died August 7th 1761 in ye 23rd Year of His Age."

So far I have cited early ballads recovered in their tunes. Here I wish to include one we have not found in oral tradition, only "written on time-discolored paper, with an antique British water-mark, being evidently the ballad in the handwriting of its author." This was found by Doctor Beauchamp who published the entire text in the *Journal of American Folk-lore*, Vol. 12, Oct.–Dec., 1899. It is entitled, "A short account of the awful and Surprising Deth of the

Child of Daniel Beckwith, who departed this life june ye 20th day, A. D., 1773."

my frends allow my febel toungue,
if I may speak my mind,
this plainly shoes to old and young
the frailty of mankind.

the child that in the woods retiar
is lost while parants moarn,
and others are consumed by fiar
or into peses toarn.

permit my febel pen to rite
what has been laitly dun,
a man who plast his cheaf delight
in his beloved son.

in manchester whare he ingoys
provision for this life,
he had two dafters and three boys
by his beloved wife.

his second son, robbens by name,
was ten years old and moar,
on him this sad distruction came,
who was in peses toar.

the father said, "my children thair
if you will clear sum land,
you shall posses all it doth bair
to be at your command."

the parants then did both agree,
to tinmouth took their way,
a moarning sister for to see
but long they did not stay.

the prity boys, we understand,
did lovingly agree
all for to clear the peas of land
set fiar to a tree.

the chunk was thirty feet in length
and was exceding dry,
so rotten it had not much strength
did burn most vemantly.

the boys against a log did lean
or on it setting all,
and nothing was for to be seen
until the tree did fall.

but, oh, alass, the dismall blow
struck robbens to the ground
his head was masht two peses soo,
a deep and deadly wound.

his head and arms all broke to bits,
he in the fiar did lye,
the children scard out of their wits
aloud began two cry.

the elder son that yet remains,
resevd a grevous wound,
but, oh, alass, poor robbens brains
did fall out on the ground.

thus he within the flame did lye,
the others full of greaf,
a neighbor that did hear them cry
did run to their releaf.

this maid his tendar heart to ake
to see him in that case;
he quickly hold on him did take
and drue him from that place.

now near the middel of the day
the neighbors thay did meat,
the corps they quickly did convay
in to his winding sheat.

a frend to tinmouth took his coast
the hevey news to beair.
the tidings come to them all most
as soon as thay got their.

but when the parants come two know
theair son was dead indeed,
alass, their eys with tears did flow
and homwards went with spead.

the peopel came from every part
to see the awfull sight,
it grevd the parants tendar hart,
alass, and well it might.

to see their one beloved son
in such a case indeed,
me thinks would make a hart of stone
or hart of steall to blead.

laid in the grave two turn to dust,
their greaf what tongue can tell,
but yet, alass, the parants must
bid him a long fair well.

THE SARTINTY OF DETH

see, the vain race of mortal man
are but an empty show,
like bubbles on the water stan
and soon two nothing goo.

when wee are well, alass, our breth
is easy took away,
ten thousand ways a mortal deth
can turn our flesh to clay.

the old and young, both high and low,
must yeald their mortal breth,
when is the time we doe not know,
but all must suffer deth.

to conker deth, if we contrive,
it is in vain to try,
for suarly as wee are alive,
soo suarly wee must die.

FINIS

November ye 20, 1773

I am always hopeful some home will yield further history about these people; some singer will remember its tune.

Possibly Vermont can be peopled, in retrospect, by the characters in old songs. Again and again I come upon the ballad of the frozen girl, "Fair Charlotte," who chose to ride fifteen miles to a ball in such diaphanous wraps that her beauty was cold-dead upon arrival. The country people always have something to say about "such a piece of business"; but only one has remarked that the lover driving the sleigh, "was a damn fool to let his girl freeze to death beside him." My history-inquest of the lady had its best clues in Shrewsbury, where lived Bridget Haley, who knew the lover "Charlie" and that he picked Charlotte up from the Hoskinson place (formerly Green's Tavern) to take her to a dance at Woodstock. Bridget insists she knew that the ring Charlotte once put upon Charlie's finger remained there till his death, though the flesh grew over it. He would never allow it to be removed. This tradition does not follow the course of the song in which Charlie wastes away from a broken heart, instead of lingering on with a bulging finger.

Enquiry among people with generations-old hearsay in their families revealed no story of a frozen girl arriving at a dance at *Woodstock*, but in the town of Cavendish I learned that Downer's Tavern was the hostelry the oldtimers connected with this story.

In Perkinsville, "Whistling Spalding"—now deceased after some hundred years of living near this popular dance hall—confided to me that he played the cornet at all those dances until he lost his teeth. By that time, anyway, were coming into fashion these "new-fangled dances, the cotillions and the like." Mr. Spalding recalled one terribly cold night when he played at Downer's, and that he heard of a girl who left when day was dawning to drive back to her home in "New City"—a stand near Cavendish. She complained of the severe night, as she left the place, but her lover said, "It'll git warmer bye and bye when the sun gits up." Mr. Spalding did not recall their names, but he remembered the crowd that night and the story afterward. When she got home, "She was as dead then as she is now," he said impressively. Realizing his one hundred years' worth of memories, his was a strong pronouncement. He followed us to the door saying, "As long as I have my senses I'll always remember, 'It'll git warmer bye and bye when the sun gits up.' " Mr. Spalding's recollections would set the date around 1845.

Mr. Roswell Downer took charge of Downer's Tavern in 1841.

Some years later, in showing a little girl (who is now fifty-five) around the place, he told her of the killing of the panther on the nearby mountain and of the girl whom "he made sound so frozen you could almost hear her click." Many people had about the same tale to tell, which might possibly establish Downer's as the place of the ball.

We sought the site of Green's Tavern, in the region of Mt. Holly. A family burying-ground on a hillock beside the main road contained no stone erected to a "Charlotte," though we raised the several mouldy and broken slabs which lay sunk face downward into oblivion. On a much more recent stone are these ringing lines: "Captain Green, his son Darius and his grandsons, Darius, Lorenzo, and George Bent Green tilled these fields and kept the nearby tavern for more than sixty years." Accompanying dates read: "The pioneer settler of Mt. Holly born Leicester, Mass., in 1754, soldier of the Revolution, 1777, settler of Mt. Holly in 1788. Died in Mt. Holly 1815. His son Darius 1786–1831 who married Betsey Bent (b. 1784 d. 1843). Their son was Charles, 1828–1848." He died at the age of twenty! Though we found no tombstone to a "Charlotte," Mr. Robert Lefreve of Cuttingsville maintains he knew a Charlotte Green and that she died about 1845. Charles, if he lingered on the additional three years, gaining the additional aforementioned avoirdupois, must have been aged seventeen when he had the problems of a below-zero escort.

Mr. Phillips Barry of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has followed every clue regarding this ballad in all ballad-bearing states, with much conflicting data. Just before his death in 1937 I received the following letter: "I will rush to you the revised notes for 'Young Charlotte' . . . I will send you also a reprinting by me, on a broadside, of the oldest text of the ballad, published in 1844, by the author who was—Seba Smith, who wrote also the ballad of the woman lost in the storm on Arlington Mountain, who gave her life to save her baby. My broadside is being printed today. A long hunt for the true author—to be exact, thirty-four years. . . . So, at long last, I have the material to write the entire life-history of a popular ballad. The name of the girl who was frozen to death is unknown; it was positively *not* Charlotte . . . there is much yet to be done in getting at the source of the traditions you discovered in Mt. Holly. The trouble with them is that the ballad was in print a year earlier than these traditions, as traced to their oldest source. . . . Your centenarian, Whistling

Spalding, may have had the tradition of the actual event, but he could not have played the cornet at the time."

When one has sustained a loss, one regards what remains. In this case a little groove in the collector's brain still marks the spot where imagination watches a fastidious girl die in silken garments to the tune of creaking runners and merry sleighbells on the downhill road past Okemo Mountain to Downer's Tavern.

Vermont can be truly peopled by the sincere persons who wrote down by hand many songs they particularly cherished. Abby Ellsworth of Bennington thus preserved songs. The manuscript is now in the possession of the Harvard Library. Charles M. Cobb in the years 1849–50, in Reading, set down in beautifully handwritten notation 570 pages of tunes he used as an itinerant fiddler at dances, and many songs both of British and early-American extraction. This book is now in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society at Montpelier. Mr. Charles Tuttle of Rutland owns a manuscript blankbook containing songs sung by the "Elder Grandey" who probably was the man who was Town Clerk of Panton, Vermont, when the town was organized in 1874. With his old songs in hand, it is interesting to compare those printed in 1823 in Sandgate, Vermont, by "an ex-Revolutionary soldier" whose object was to "cheer the drooping mind." Mr. Harold Rugg of Hanover, New Hampshire, has the only known copy of this stimulant. It contains sixty pages of songs which bring to life a whole period.

The present-day folk-music lovers help me to "meet" those early manuscribers. Mr. Amos Eaton, of South Royalton, had with his brother, H. S. Eaton, now of Westfield, Massachusetts, set down the texts of songs they remembered from their grandmother's singing. She was a native of Sutton.

Mr. George Edwards of Burlington, now deceased, was a man who came out of East Riding, in the north of England. He had learned history in Yorkshire, from his grandfather who sang border-ballads and related them to their periods. A ballad, as he sang it, became infused with its country and moment.

I was given by an elderly man a version of "Gerry's Rock." This ballad seems to have originated on whatever river where it was known to the logging men. He told of going to the Michigan lumberwoods when a boy of nineteen as "choreboy" at the "Globe Hotel." In that hotel, "the beds never got cold and never got rid of something. There were two gangs, a night gang and a day shift, mostly Irishmen."

Among many reminiscences, this singer spoke of the fact that when he first arrived in camp he heard about a young man who had been killed working a jam in the river. He called it "Garrish's Rollway." The dead man was to have been married soon. He was on that very dangerous job, getting the logs out of a jam. It took a great deal of skill as well as courage to break the jam, and any amount of money was paid to the man who would attempt it. Probably the man who offered to break the jam wanted the money to be married. "There wasn't a man in a hundred would do it, even if he could. Well, the young man took his peavey and, standing on a mass of logs, gave one log a push. Then as it broke, he ran *down*, instead of up the river and so was killed." After that introduction, the song itself has its inherent background.

Now and then appears a song rather newly created, not long in circulation. Such a one describes a jailbreak when some thieves broke "the locks of Springfield jail" and, in their supposed words,

We broke them, yes, we broke them,
Swung open wide the door
Resolved to leave old Springfield jail
And get in jail no more.

Wilkes Lovell's wife, she heard the locks
As they fell upon the floor.
She hastened to the court house
To let the sheriff know.
Young B—— & I then hadn't been gone
But an hour and one half ago.

Wilkes Lovell mounted his white horse
And through the streets did fly
Shouting, I'll bring those prisoners back with me
Or in the chase I'll die
He followed us and he captured us
Which made our hearts grow cold.
He shackled us both together, my boys,
And marched us off to jail.

Then it ends with a Come-all-ye of advice. There are undoubtedly many persons now living in Windsor who remember Wilkes Lovell and his white horse. I, in turn, am using only a blank for the

names of the thieves, because members of their highly respectable second generation now live in southern Vermont.

I cannot stress enough that ballads should be heard as handed down *in their tunes*. With this as my creed, I always have with me, when speaking in various educational centres, a man who has learned his songs by word-of-mouth. Three different singers have, upon separate occasions, given audiences a memorable experience in their traditional ballads. There has been always variety and frequently the unusual during such a presentation; no listener ever settles back in his chair; certainly not the lecturer, because of an experience early in her career.

Once at a large New England college the singer was giving what he had learned in lumber camps; he had with him, as well, his fiddle for such tunes as had no words. He was "going strong." Whatever he chose to sing was most enthusiastically applauded. He became more and more at home with the people before him. One song reminded him of another; each song was less proper for public performance. All present were held in a bond of fascination. Faces became enigmatical or aghast or animated with humor as the verses took their own natural medieval course, while the singer regarded each song as just another ballad. The tension was fairly paralyzing. Where would he stop? Would he stop of his own accord, or was he entirely out of hand? When he started the next song, a real emergency was indicated, for which there had been no rehearsal. The fiddle might prove the antidote. The speaker touched him on the sleeve, saying, "There are but a few minutes left for them to hear you *play*." With a startled look, he picked up his fiddle. The audience seemed to exhale.

Ballads to a collector can no longer remain poems upon a printed page. A ballad is alive. The living song goes on in the lives of people as it has always been, altering slightly with the years, suiting different places where it is passed on orally. Whatever is here said about any ballad is allegedly true but much is withheld—all I have yet to learn in the continued story of any ballad and its human accretions.

INDEX OF BALLADS AND FOLK-SONGS IN THE ARCHIVE OF VERMONT FOLK-SONGS AT SMILEY MANSE, SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS
Collector and Archivist
Smiley Manse, Springfield, Vermont

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CHILD BALLADS

No.	*Title*	*Place*	*Versions* * with tune or tunes
1.	CHILD 1 RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED.	Springfield.	1*
2.	CHILD 2 CAMBRIC SHIRT.	Manchester Depot, Wallingford, Plainfield, Weathersfield, S. Pomfret, E. Calais, N. Calais, Brookfield, Brownington, Rutland, St. Albans.	13*
3.	CHILD 3 FALSE KNIGHT, THE.	Springfield.	1*
4.	CHILD 4 LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT.	N. Montpelier, Bennington, Burlington, E. Calais.	6*
5.	CHILD 10 TWO SISTERS.	Woodstock, S. Royalton.	3*
6.	CHILD 12 LORD RANDALL.	Burlington, Windsor, Springfield.	6*
7.	CHILD 13 EDWARD.	Burlington.	1*
8.	CHILD 14 BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE.	Plattsburg, N. Y.	1*
9.	CHILD 20 CRUEL MOTHER, THE.	Woodstock.	1
10.	CHILD 22 SAINT STEPHEN AND HEROD.	Burlington.	1*
11.	CHILD 25 WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE.	Burlington.	(*fragment*)
12.	CHILD 26 THREE RAVENS.	Plainfield, S. Woodstock, N. Calais.	3*
13.	CHILD 43 MERRY GREEN FIELDS.	Springfield.	1*
14.	CHILD 45 KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP.	Wardsboro, Jamaica, N. Calais, E. Calais.	4*
15.	CHILD 46 CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.	Springfield.	2*
16.	CHILD 49 THE TWO BROTHERS.	Townshend.	1*
17.	CHILD 51 LIZZIE WAN.	N. Calais, E. Calais.	3*
18.	CHILD 53 LORD BAKEMAN.	Jamaica, Groton, Townshend, Baltimore, N. Calais, Bellows Falls, Readsboro, Wardsboro, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	10*
19.	CHILD 54 THE CHERRY TREE CAROL.	Springfield.	1*
20.	CHILD 68 YOUNG HUNTING.	Newbury.	Tune only
21.	CHILD 73 LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELINOR.	Groton, Townshend, Burlington, Bellows Falls, Bennington, Jamaica, Irasburg.	8*
22.	CHILD 74 LADY MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.	Townshend, Groton, Savoy, Mass.	3*
23.	CHILD 75 LORD LOVEL.	Rutland, Chester, Springfield.	4*
24.	CHILD 76 LASS OF ROCK ROYAL.	Burlington.	(*fragment*)
25.	CHILD 77 SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.	Sandgate.	1*
26.	CHILD 81 LORD BANNER.	Burlington, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	4*
27.	CHILD 84 BARBARA ALLEN.	Bellows Falls, N. Calais, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	8*
28.	CHILD 93 LAMKIN.	Springfield.	1*

No.	*Title*	*Place*	*Versions* * with tune or tunes
29.	CHILD 95 MAID FREED FROM GALLOWS.	Bellows Falls, Charlestown, N. H., N. Montpelier.	2*
30.	CHILD 96 THE GAY GOSHAWK.	Burlington.	1*
31.	CHILD 99 JOHNNY SCOTT.	Sandgate.	1
32.	CHILD 100 FAIR MARY.	Perkinsville, Woodstock.	2*
33.	CHILD 105 BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.	Baltimore, Springfield.	2*
34.	CHILD 112 SHEPHERD'S SON.	Sandgate.	1*
35.	CHILD 132 ROBIN HOOD AND THE PEDLAR.	Bennington, Burlington.	2*
36.	CHILD 143 ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.	(*scant fragment*) Burlington.	
37.	CHILD 155 THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.	Townshend.	1*
38.	CHILD 164 KING HENRY V'S CONQUEST OF FRANCE.	Springfield.	1
39.	CHILD 166 THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.	Burlington.	1
40.	CHILD 167 ANDREW BARDEEN.	Lower Waterford.	1*
41.	CHILD 176 NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.	(*fragment*) Burlington.	
42.	CHILD 181 EARL OF MURRAY.	Burlington.	1*
43.	CHILD 200 GYPSY DAISY.	Putney, Windsor, Springfield, Bennington, N. Calais.	8*
44.	CHILD 209 GEORDIE.	Sandgate.	1
45.	CHILD 210 BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL.	Newbury. (*fragment*)	
46.	CHILD 243 HOUSE CARPENTER.	Woodstock, E. Calais, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	5*
47.	CHILD 266 JOHN THOMPSON AND THE TURK.	Burlington.	1
48.	CHILD 272 THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE.	Springfield.	1*
49.	CHILD 274 OUR GOOD MAN.	Newbury, Springfield.	3
50.	CHILD 277 WIFE WRAPPED IN WETHER'S SKIN.	Wallingford, Wardsboro, Springfield.	6*
51.	CHILD 278 THE SCOLDING WIFE.	Groton, Townshend, Manchester Center, Bellows Falls, Wardsboro, Burlington.	8*
52.	CHILD 285 NEW BARBARY.	Gassetts.	1*
53.	CHILD 286 GOLDEN VANITY.	E. Calais, Windsor, Brattleboro, Rutland, Burlington, Springfield, Stafford Springs, Conn.	12*
54.	CHILD 287 CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW.	Sandgate.	1
55.	CHILD 289 THE MERMAID.	Springfield.	2*
56.	CHILD 295 THE BROWN GIRL.	Newbury, Sandgate.	2*

SECONDARY FORM

1.	CHILD 8 POOR SOLDIER.	Burlington, Townshend, E. Calais.	3*
2.	CHILD 31 LOATHLY BRIDE.	Jeffersonville, Shrewsbury, S. Londonderry.	3*

No.	*Title*	*Place*	*Versions* * with tune or tunes
3.	CHILD 170 TWO DUKES.	Bennington.	1*
4.	CHILD 221 THE SQUIRE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.	Springfield.	1*
5.	CHILD 239 JOHNNY DOYLE.	Springfield.	1
6.	CHILD 283 THE CRAFTY FARMER.	Woodstock,	6*

Wallingford, Plymouth, Lower Waterford, Burlington, Charlestown, N. H.

BRITISH

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
ALLEN MCCOLLISTER.	Readsboro, Springfield, Burlington.	3*
AMOURS OF ANACREON.	Sandgate.	1
APPRENTICE BOY.	Springfield.	2
ARTHUR BRADLEY.	Panton.	
BALLAD OF THE THREE.	Woodstock,	7*
Dorset, Dummerston, Burlington, Woodbury, Rutland.		
BANKS OF SWEET LOCHRAY.	Springfield.	1*
BANKS OF THE DEE.	Hartland, Reading.	2
BARNEY.	Springfield.	2*
BARNEY LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE.	Reading.	
BARNEY THE LAD FROM KILDARE.	E. Dorset.	1*
BASKET MAKER'S CHILD, THE.	Chester.	1*
BAY OF BISCAY.	Reading.	1
BELLE OF LONG LAKE.	N. Shrewsbury, Glens Falls, N. Y.	1*
BESSIE BAKER.	Putney, Reading.	2*
BESSIE OF BALLINGDON BRAE.	Springfield.	1*
BESSIE WAS A SAILOR'S BRIDE.	Springfield.	1
BIG JEEST.	Charlestown, N. H.	1
BILLY BOY.	Vergennes, S. Royalton, Springfield.	4*
BILLY WHITE.	W. Wardsboro.	2*
BLOOD POWDER SHUN.	Springfield.	1*
BOLD BOATSMAN.	N. Montpelier, Ludlow.	2*
BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.	Springfield.	1*
BONNY SAILOR LAD.	Reading.	1
BOSTON BURGLAR.	Groton, Waterford, Grafton, Vanceboro.	4*
BOYS OF WEXFORD.	Springfield.	1
BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.	Springfield.	
BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.	Chester,	4*
Manchester Center, Poultney, Springfield.		
BRIAN O'LINN.	Springfield, Burlington, Brattleboro.	4*
BUTCHER BOY.	S. Royalton,	6*
Manchester Center, N. Calais, Bennington.		
CAPTAIN JAMES.	Ludlow.	1
CAROLINE OF EDINBORO TOWN.	S. Royalton.	1*
CARRION CROW.	St. Albans.	1
CHAMBER MAID, THE.	Sandgate.	1

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Charming Sally.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Cheer Up, Mrs. Reilly.	Springfield. (*fragment*)	
Child, The Happy.	Reading.	1
Children in the Wood.	Randolph, Springfield.	2*
Christine Leroy.	N. Shrewsbury.	1*
Christmas Day in the Morning.	Springfield. (*fragment*)	
Cobbler Lived at York, A.	Woodstock.	1
Cobbling Song.	Perkinsville.	1
Corydon and Caroline.	Reading.	1*
Courting the Widow.	Townshend.	1
Cowardly Captain, The.	Panton.	1
Crew of the Captain's Brig.	N. Montpelier.	
Crying Family, The.	Barnard, N. Adams, Mass.	2*
Daily Growing.	Springfield.	1*
Damsel in Her Blooming Years, The.	Sandgate.	1*
Damsel's Tragedy, The.	S. Londonderry, Hartland.	2
Dandy Joe.	Springfield.	1*
Dark Eyed Sailor, The.	Baltimore.	
Dark Was the Night.	Townshend, Springfield.	2*
Dear, Dear, What Can the Matter Be.	Springfield.	1
Derby Ram.	Ludlow,	5*
Ferrisburg, Stowe, Vergennes, Shaftsbury, Springfield.		
Derry Walls Away.	Westfield, Mass.	1
Deserter, The.	Springfield. (*fragment*)	
Devil's Courtship.	Newbury,	6*
Bradford, Putney, Springfield, N. Adams, Mass.		
Devonshire Miller, The.	Sandgate.	1
Distressed Maid, The.	N. Calais.	1
Dog and Gun.	Groton, Rutland, Springfield.	4*
Dog in the Closet.	Rutland.	1
Doneover Tailor.	Panton.	
Down in Sally's Garden.	Manchester, N. H.	1
Drinking Song.	Wallingford, Springfield, Windsor.	3 kinds
Drowsy Sleeper.	Wallingford,	5
Hartford, E. Calais, Akron, Ohio, Boston.		
Dumb Wife.	S. Royalton, N. Calais.	2
Edmon Dell.	Plainfield.	1*
Eliot and Monturet.	Sandgate.	1
Ellen the Fair.	Bellows Falls, Burlington.	2*
Erin's Green Shore.	Wallingford.	2*
Erin's Isle.	Springfield.	1
Exile of Erin.	Townshend.	1
Factor's Song.	Manchester.	1
Fair Florella.	Rockingham,	10*
Hartford, N. Calais, Burlington, Windsor, Townshend, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.		

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Fair Lucretia.	Townshend.	1
Farmer, The Rich.	Groton.	1*
Farmer's Boy, The.	White River Junction, Springfield, Devon, Pa.	4*
Farmer's Son, The.	Springfield.	1*
Female Highwayman.	Townshend, Springfield.	3*
Ferry Me Over the Ferry.	Chester Depot.	1
Filander.	Panton.	2*
Fox and Goose.	Springfield, Woodstock.	
Fox and the Grapes.	Jeffersonville.	1*
Fox and His Wife.	Springfield.	1
Fox Went Out, A.	Springfield.	1*
Frenchman's Ball, The.	N. Montpelier, New York City.	2*
Gallant Huzzar, The.	Springfield.	1
Gallant Soldier, The.	Burlington.	1*
Gay Spanish Maid, The.	Rockingham, Charlestown, N. H., Springfield, Mass.	1*
Gentleman of Exelter.	Townshend.	1*
Gerry's Rock.	N. Montpelier, Weston, Cuttingsville, Chester, Charlestown, N. H.	
Ghost of Willie-O.	E. Dorset.	1*
Gilbert and Jupiter.	Reading.	1
Giles Scroggins.	Reading.	1
Goodbye, John.	Pittsford.	1
Good Morrow, Good Morrow.	Burlington.	1*
Grandmother's Arm Chair.	Grafton.	1
Grave of Bonaparte.	Reading.	1
Green Grows the Laurel.	Panton, Manchester Depot, Bennington, Windsor, Springfield.	4*
Green Linnet.	Springfield.	1
Green Mossy Banks of the Lea.	Boston.	1*
Hang-ed I Shall Be.	N. Calais, Burlington, Springfield.	5*
Happy Man.	Panton.	
Heights of Alma.	Springfield.	1*
Here Am I.	Arlington, Medford, Mass.	2*
"Hi," Said the Robin.	Springfield.	1*
High Germany.	Springfield.	1
Hodge.	Springfield.	1*
Hog Song.	Townshend.	1
Hold One and Fight the Other.	N. Montpelier.	1*
Hunting's Towers.	Springfield.	1*
I Have a House on Yonder Moor.	Pittsfield, Mass.	1
I Wish My Love.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)
India's Burning Sands.	Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	3*
Indulgent Parents.	Panton.	
In London Fair City.	Putney.	
In Oxford City.	Bennington.	1*

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Irish Jaunting Car.	Springfield.	1
Irish Lad, The.	N. Montpelier, Springfield.	3*
Irish Lament.	Panton.	
Irish Mail Robber.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Irish Song.	Montpelier.	1
Irish Wedding.	E. Burke.	1*
Jack Dolden.	Bennington, Charlestown.	2*
Jack Hall.	Mendon, Springfield.	2*
Jaded Pedlar, The.	Hartland.	1
James MacDonald.	E. Calais.	1*
Jane Campbell.	Springfield.	1
Jenny Jenkins.	Sandgate.	4*
Jerry's Account of a Junket.	Rutland.	1
Jiffery, James and John.	Burlington.	2*
John Barleycorn.	Irasburg, Springfield.	2*
John Grumlie.	Rutland, Burlington, Springfield.	4*
John Reilly.	E. Calais, Hardwick, Townshend.	3*
Johnny Jarman.	N. Calais.	1
Johnny Sands.	S. Royalton, Wallingford.	2*
Jolly Sailor, The.	Sandgate.	1
Journeyman Tailor, The.	Stowe.	1*
Kate and Her Horns.	N. Calais, Sandgate.	1
Katey Morey.	N. Montpelier.	1
Kathleen.	Springfield.	1*
Keys of Canterbury.	Springfield.	1
King William.	Springfield, Westfield, Mass.	2*
Knee Trotting Song.	Westminster, Springfield.	2*
Labourer.	Sandgate.	2
Lady, Fan, Lion's Den.	Calais.	1*
Lady and the Farmer's Son.	E. Calais.	1*
Lady Greensleeves.	Hanover, N. H.	
Lady Leroy.	Rockingham, Springfield.	1*
Lady's Challenge, A.	Panton.	
Lake of Col Fin.	Cuttingsville, Springfield, Isleford, Me.	3*
Lame Sailor, The.	Sandgate.	1
Lass of Glenshie.	Omaha, Neb.	1
Lawyer Outwitted.	Northam, N. Shrewsbury.	1*
Let's Go Hunting.	Burlington, Jeffersonville.	2
Lincoln Lidy-O.	Manchester Center, E. Calais.	2*
Lord Hulland's Daughters.	Springfield.	1
Lord of Ludderdale.	Springfield.	1*
Lovely Sailor Lad.	S. Pomfret, Brattleboro.	2*
Lowlands of Holland.	Woodstock, Springfield.	1
Maiden's Address to Her False Lover.	Sandgate.	1
Maiden's Moan, The.	Sandgate.	1
Maid in Bedlam.	Sandgate.	1

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Mantle So Green.	Groton.	1
Mary and Willie.	St. Albans, Shaftsbury, E. Calais.	4*
Mary of the Wild Moor.	Ludlow, Brookfield, Springfield.	4*
Mary's Dream.	S. Ryegate, Reading.	2*
Mary Walker.	Pittsford.	1
Merman, The.	Windsor.	1
Midnight Frolic.	S. Royalton.	
Miller's Three Sons.	Sandgate, S. Royalton, Springfield.	3*
Molly Bawn.	Springfield.	1
Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister.	Townshend.	1
Mountain Song.	Springfield.	1
Mountains of Pomeroy.	Springfield.	1*
Mournful Tailor's Tale.	Woodstock.	
Murdered by a Brother.	Townshend.	1*
Murder of John Dugar.	Groton.	1*
Muse of Masonry.	Sandgate.	1
My Good Looking Man.	N. Clarendon.	1
My Grandfather Had Some Very Nice Sheep.	N. Springfield.	1
My Love Is Like a Little Bird.	Groton.	1
My Wife Is Sick.	Springfield.	1*
Napoleon's Song.	Reading, Dorset.	2*
Next Monday Morning.	Newbury.	1
Night in Green.	Panton.	
Noble Author, The.	Sandgate.	1
Normandy Maid, The.	Brattleboro.	1
O, Buena Vista's Bloody Field.	Reading.	1
O Cruel.	Reading.	
O Cruel Was My Father.	Springfield, Charlestown.	2*
O Ireland, Dear Ireland.	Sandgate.	1
O, Many's the Time.	Springfield.	1
Ocean Burial.	Jeffersonville, Newbury.	2
Old Kelly.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Old King Coin.	Ascutney.	(*fragment*)
Old Maid Song.	N. Montpelier, S. Ryegate, Newbury.	2*
Old Sack.	Chester Depot.	1
Old Woman, The.	Springfield.	1*
On Springfield Mountain.	Burlington, Woodstock, S. Ryegate, Reading, Bennington, Townshend, Springfield, Windsor.	1
On the Banks of the Clyde.	Springfield.	1
On the Banks of the Nile.	Springfield.	1
On the Banks of the Silvery Tide.	Weston.	1
Paddy McGee's Dream.	Ludlow.	1
Paddy Murphy.	Springfield.	1
Parson and the Wether.	Marlboro.	1
Pat O'Brien.	Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	2*

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Patrick Shayen.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Penny Portion.	Springfield.	1
Pensive Dove, The.	Brattleboro.	1
Piper's Son, The.	S. Royalton.	1
Pirates' Ship.	Springfield.	1
Looloo Boy, The.	Wallingford.	1*
Pretty Pear Tree.		1
Pretty Polly.	E. Calais, Sandgate, N. Montpelier, Springfield.	4*
Pretty Polly Perkins.	Burlington, Bridgewater.	2*
Priest's Fat Wether.	Sandgate.	
Quaker's Wooing, The.	Burlington, N. Calais, White River Junction, Newbury, Manchester Center, Springfield.	6
Rakes of the Nation, The.	Panton.	
Reynard, The Fox.	Springfield.	1*
Rich Merchant.	N. Calais.	2
Rising of the Moon.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)
Row, Row, Row Your Boat.	Springfield.	1*
Roy Neil.	Rutland.	1*
Sailor and a Soldier.	Panton.	
Sailor and Lady.	Sandgate, Springfield.	2*
Sailor Boy, The.	Brookfield, Townshend, Shrewsbury, Woodbury, Baltimore.	4*
Sailor Songs.	Charlestown, N. H.	(*fragment*)
Seamen of Plymouth.	Whitingham.	
Shady Grove.	Sandgate.	1
Sheffield Apprentice.	E. Calais, Bennington.	2*
She Is Bound but Won't Obey.	Hanover, N. H.	
Ship Carpenter.	Reading.	1
Shovelling Coal.	Grafton.	
Shule Aroon.	Springfield.	1
Sing Fol-a-dia-are.	Manchester Depot.	
Sir Jerry Go Nimble.	Reading.	
Skewball.	Springfield.	1*
Soldier, The Foxy.	Rutland, N. Calais.	3*
Soldier and the Pretty Maid.	Manchester, N. H.	1
Soldier's Drill and Fare.	Sandgate.	1*
Soldier's Letter.	Burke.	1*
Soldier's Return.	Sandgate.	1*
Song of the Sea.	Springfield.	1
Song of the Thrush.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)
Spoiling of the Hay.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)
Steam Arm.	N. Calais.	1
Stie in My Pocket.	Windsor.	1*
Swapping Song.	St. Albans.	1*
Tarry Soldier.	Putney, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	3*

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
There's a Tree in Father's Garden.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
There Was a Lord in Ireland.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)
There Was a Tree.	E. Calais.	1*
They Say My Sons Are Sleeping.	Dorset.	1*
Thomas Clifford.	Cornish, N. H.	(*fragment*)
Three Hunters.	Wallingford, Manchester Center, S. Royalton.	1*
Three Jolly Butchers.	Wallingford.	2*
Tib, the Gray Mare.	S. Londonderry,	7*
Burlington, Cavendish, Bennington, Brookline, Lyndonville.		
Tinmaker Man.	N. Calais.	(*fragment*)
Tom O'Neill.	Springfield.	1*
Tree, Song of a.	E. Corinth.	1
True Story, A.	Florence.	1
Twelve Apostles.	Dorset.	2*
Twelve Days of Christmas.	Woodford.	2*
Twelve Joys of Mary.	Bellows Falls,	3*
Putney, Springfield, Melrose, Mass.		
Two Lovers Meet.	Springfield.	1*
Unconstant Lover.	E. Calais, N. Montpelier, Springfield.	4*
Vilikins and Dinah.	E. Calais.	1*
Way Down in the Green Bushes.	Manchester Center.	1*
When George, the Third, Was King.	N. Springfield.	1*
When I Was Single.	N. Calais, Springfield.	3*
Whiskey in the Jar.	Reading.	1*
White Pilgrim.	Mount Holly.	1*
Widow's Daughter.	Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	3*
Wife of Auchtermuchty.	Panton.	
Will, the Weaver.	Waterford, Wallingford.	2*
William and Mary.	S. Ryegate.	1
William Smith.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
William Taylor.	Townshend, Springfield.	2*
Willie Reilly.	Springfield.	1*
You Gentlemen of England Fare.	Panton.	
Young Donahue.	Springfield.	1*
Young Edmon Bold.	Manchester.	1*
Young Sailor Bold, The.	Baltimore.	1*
Young Willie.	Charlestown, N. H.	(*fragment*)
Yump in Your Eye.	Springfield.	1

AMERICAN

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Adieu to Cold Winter.	N. Calais.	1
Amanda and Albin.	Springfield.	1
American Soldier, The.	Sandgate.	1
American Star.	Reading.	1
American Taxation.	Sandgate.	1

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Andre's Farewell.	Townshend.	1
Apple Paring Song.	Rutland, Burlington.	(*fragment*)
Arkansas Traveler, The.	Windsor.	2
Art of Kissing.	Mount Holly.	1
Auld Soldier, The.	Springfield.	1*
Backwoodsman, The.	Townshend, N. Montpelier, Manchester.	3*
Band of Brethren.	Pittsford.	1
Battle of the Kegs.	Reading.	
Battle of Niagara.	Reading.	1
Battle of Stonington.	N. Springfield.	1
Beckwith Tragedy.	Pittsford.	1
Bill Hopkin's Colt.	W. Canaan, N. H.	2*
Black Betty.	Panton.	
Blow Ye Winds High O.	Springfield, Reading, Townshend.	3*
Boston Fire.	Pittsford.	1
Boy Killed in Hartford by Tree.	Plymouth Union, Morrisville, Deerfield, Mass.	2
Boys from Vermont.	Wallingford.	1
Bridal Song.	W. Fairlee, Townshend, Sandgate, Bradford.	4
Brooklyn Theatre.	Plymouth, N. Calais.	2*
By the Lake of Ponchartrain.	Springfield.	1
Calais Disaster.	N. Calais.	1
Calomel.	Springfield.	1*
Canaday-I-O.	Springfield.	1
Canadian French.	Canaan.	2 songs
Capture of the Java.	Sandgate.	1
Capture of the Macedonian.	Sandgate.	1
Chanties.	E. Corinth, Boston.	7 songs
Cherries Are Ripe.	N. Calais.	2
Chickadee.	Brandon.	1
Cold Piercing Winter.	Cambridge, Mass.	1
Come with Me.	Weston.	1
Cork Leg.	Springfield.	1
Corn Cobs.	N. Calais.	1*
Crooked Rib.	N. Calais.	1
Cumberland Crew.	Munson, Mass.	1
Darling Cloe.	Cuttingsville.	
David Crockett.	Plainfield.	1
Death of Mrs. Lydia Woodbury (copied from Barry Manuscript).		1
Deer Island.	Rutland.	1
Doctor Hall's Barn.	Berkshire.	1
Dreary Black Hills.	Burlington.	1
Drummer and His Lover, The.	Sandgate.	1
Drunkard's Dream, The.	Quechee.	2
Dying Californian, The.	Springfield.	
Dying Girl.	Springfield.	1
Dying Sergeant.	Panton, Montpelier.	1

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Edward Darling.	Groton, Charlestown, N. H.	2*
Factory Girl.	Brookfield.	1
Fair Charlotte.	Groton,	17*
Quechee, Cuttingsville, Mount Holly, Plymouth, S. Ryegate, Randolph Center, Burlington, Chester Depot, Cabot, Rutland, Perkinsville, Danville, Springfield.		
Fair Fanny More.	N. Montpelier,	5*
Springfield, Townshend, Bennington, Johnson.		
Fair Rosina.	Bellows Falls, Bennington.	2*
Fall River Tragedy.	Florence, Groton.	1*
False Young Man.	Bennington.	1
Fancy and Judgment.	Sandgate.	1
Fare Ye Well, Mamie.	Windsor.	1
Farmer and the Shanty Boy.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Fellow That Looks Like Me.	Manchester Depot, Windsor.	2*
Fire at Sandy Stream Camp.	Charlestown, N. H.	1
Flying Cloud.	Weston, Chester.	2
Flying Trapeze.	N. Calais.	1
Fourth of July.	Sandgate.	1
Freedom Song.	Montpelier.	1
Garden Gate.	Bellows Falls.	
General Burgoin.	Rutland.	
General Montgomery.	Sandgate.	1
General Wolfe.	Reading, Sandgate, Panton.	
Gentleman Froggie.	Panton,	19*
Woodstock, Plymouth, Springfield, Cabot, N. Calais, Bridgewater, Townshend, Manchester Center, Grafton, Newfane, Vergennes, Bellows Falls.		
George Washington's Christmas Party.	Weathersfield.	1*
Gun Powder Tea.	Reading.	1
Guy Reed.	Charlestown, N. H.	1
Had I the Wings?	Springfield.	1
Happy Bachelor, The.	Springfield.	1
Hard Times.	Windsor, N. Calais.	1
Harry Bluff.	Reading.	
Hartford Wreck.	Rockingham, N. Montpelier, Ascutney.	
Hebrew Daniel.	Reading.	1
Henry Green.	N. Montpelier,	4*
Townshend, Mount Holly, Bennington.		
Henry K. Sawyer.	Charlestown.	1*
Henry Orrison.	Charlestown.	1*
History of Young Men, The.	S. Ryegate.	1
Ho! All to the Border!	Stowe, Burlington, N. Somers, Conn.	2*
Hoboes Grand Convention.	Dorset.	1*
Hog Thorny Bear.	Andover.	1
Hunters in Their Camp.	Springfield.	(*fragment*)

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Hunters of Kentucky.	Stowe.	1*
Hurrah for Old New England.	Brandon.	2
Huskin' Bee.	Burlington.	1
I Have a Little Wife.	Springfield.	1
Indian Student.	Panton.	
In Old Pop-Auger Times.	W. Wardsboro.	1*
In Our Grandfather's Days.	Vergennes.	1
In the Days of '49.	Quechee.	1*
Invitation to Singing School.	Middlebury.	1
I Once Was a Baby.	Putney.	1*
Is Love a Pleasure?	Springfield.	2
James Bird.	Brookfield, Cuttingsville.	2*
James Fiske.	Reading, Townshend, Grafton, Vernon.	3*
Jefferson and Liberty.	Woodstock.	1
Joel Baker.	Sandgate.	1
John Maynard.	Springfield.	1
Johnny Bull.	Stowe.	1*
Johnstown Flood.	E. Calais.	1*
Jolly Old Roger.	St. Johnsbury.	2*
Jonathan's Courtship.	Sutton, N. Calais.	2
Jones, the True Lover.	Randolph Center(?)	1
Joys of Emigration.	Reading.	
Lady Washington's Lamentation.	Sandgate.	1
Lake Morey's Ghost.	Springfield.	
Liberty Song, The.	Springfield.	1
Liberty Tree, The.	Norwich.	1
Lily of Lake Champlain, The.	Windsor.	1*
Little Black Moustache, The.	Amsden.	1
Little Mohee, The.	N. Montpelier, Springfield, Townshend, E. Calais.	5*
Little Preacher, The.	Sandgate.	1
Lovely Jamie.	Charlestown, N. H.	2*
Lover's Quarrel.	Burlington.	1*
McNally's Row of Flats.	Springfield.	
Major André.	Dummerston.	1*
Man in Love, A.	Springfield.	1*
Maple Sweet.	St. Johnsbury.	2
Margaret Gray.	Windsor.	2*
Miss Susie.	N. Montpelier, Portland, Ore.	2
Molly Thomas.	Windsor.	1
Morning Song.	Sandgate.	1
My Old Brown Coat.	Chester Depot, Springfield.	2
Nell of Narragansett Bay.	Landgrove.	2*
Nelly Bly.	N. Montpelier.	1
Noble Lads of Canada.	Stowe.	1*
Nobody.	N. Calais.	1

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Northwest Carry, The.	Plainfield.	1*
O, if You Want a Hoe Cake.	Windsor.	1
O Love, It's a Funny Thing.	Springfield.	1
Old Dan Tucker.	Bellows Falls.	1
Old England Forty Years Ago.	Tunbridge.	1*
Old Granny Wales.	Sandgate.	1
Old Hazen Verses.	Chester.	1
Old Indian's Lament.	Ludlow.	2*
Old Man's Will, The.	Panton, Reading.	
Ol' Massa.	Swanville, Me.	1*
Old Seventy Six.	Brattleboro.	1
Old Vermont.	Grafton.	1
On Springfield Mountain.	Burlington, Woodstock, S. Ryegate, Reading, Bennington, Townshend, Springfield, Windsor, Newbury.	11*
On the Banks of the Roses.	Springfield.	1
Paul Jones.	Tyson.	1
Perry's Victory.	Sandgate.	3
Plymouth Colony.	Sandgate.	1
Poor Old Dad.	Plymouth.	1
Popping the Question.	Ludlow.	1
Queenstown Mourner.	Randolph Center, Rutland.	2
Railroad Songs.	Barnet.	(*fragments*)
Reddy Money.	Rutland.	1
Reeling Song.	Dorset.	1
Remember I'm His Mother.	E. Calais.	
Revolutionary Tea.	N. Springfield.	1
Richmond on the James.	Pittsford.	1
Rooshian and Morressy.	Springfield.	1
Rummy Crocodile.	Charlestown, N. H.	1*
Saint Johnsbury Tragedy.	Windsor.	1
Sam Hobson.	E. Burke.	1
Scolding Wife, The.	N. Calais, Groton, S. Ryegate.	1
Sister Susan.	N. Montpelier, Grafton, Bridgewater.	3
Slavory Days.	Rutland.	1*
Snow Storm, The.	Springfield	1
Song of the Fourth of July.	Westminster.	1
Song of the Vermonters.	Burlington.	
Speed the Plough.	Jeffersonville.	1*
Springfield's, Vermont, Ballad.	Springfield.	
Stratton Mountain Tragedy.	Hartland, Vergennes, Arlington.	1*
Striped Pig, The.	Reading, N. Calais.	1
Strongbow.	Burlington, Charlestown, N. H.	2*
Suncook Town Tragedy.	Plymouth, Hardwick, Springfield.	4*
Susan Jane.	S. Royalton.	1
Temperance Medley.	Jeffersonville.	2

Title	*Place*	*Versions*
Texas Ranger.	E. Calais, St. Albans, Windsor.	4
There Was an Old Woman.	Rutland.	2*
Three Perished in the Snow.	W. Pawlet, Northam.	2
Traced Her Little Foot Steps.	Wallingford.	1
True Story.	E. Calais, Florence, Cuttingsville.	3*
Tune the Old Cow Died on.	S. Royalton, Pittsford.	1*
Uncle Joe.	Chester.	1
Unfortunate Girl, The.	Thornton, N. H.	1
Vermont Farmer's Song.	Danville.	1
Wait for the Wagon.	Springfield, Bennington.	2*
Washington and Jefferson.	Panton, Sandgate.	1
West River Railroad.	Westminster.	1*
Wild Cowboy.	Cuttingsville.	
Wild River Tragedy.	Charlestown, N. H.	1
William Cook.	E. Calais.	1*
Wisconsin Emigrant.	Rutland, Burlington, W. Springfield, Mass.	2*
Wooden Dishes.	N. Calais.	1
Woodsman's Alphabet.	E. Calais, Springfield, Charlestown, N. H.	4*
Yankee Boys.	Stowe.	1*
Yankee Doodle.	Springfield, Vt., Rochester, Mass.	3
Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn.	Newbury, Jeffersonville.	3*
Zip Coon.	Brandon.	2*

ADDITIONS MADE SINCE JANUARY, 1939

Child Ballads in the Archive of Vermont Folk-Songs

Smiley Manse, Springfield, Vt.

No.	*Title*	*Versions*
Child 2	The Cambric Shirt	14 with tunes
Child 4	The Outlandish Knight	7 with tunes
Child 53	Lord Bakeman	11 with tunes
Child 73	Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor	9 with tunes
Child 84	Barbara Allen	9 with tunes
Child 274	Our Good Man	4
Child 278	The Scolding Wife	9 with tunes

British Folk-Songs and Ballads in the Archive

Title	*Versions*
Arthur Bradley	1
Barney, Leave the Girls Alone	1 with tune
Brine O'Lynne	5 with tune

Title	*Versions*
Butcher Boy, The	7 with tune
Cowardly Captain, The	1
Doneover Tailor	1
Ellen the Fair	3 with tune
Fair Florella	11 with tune
Farmer, The Rich	2 with tune
Filander	1
Gallows Tree	1 with tune
Gay Spanish Maid	2 with tune
Happy Man	1
Indulgent Parents	1
In London, Fair City	1
Irish Lament	1
Lady Greensleeves	1
Lady's Challenge, A	1
Night in the Green	1
Priest's Fat Wether, The	1
Prince of Morocco	1
Rakes of the Nation	1
Sailor and a Soldier	1

American Folk-Songs and Ballads in the Archive

Title	*Versions*
Adam and Eve	1
Battle of the Kegs	1
Black Betty	1
Dying Californian	1
General Burgoin	1
General Wolfe	3 tune
Harry Bluff	1
Hunters in Their Camp	1 with tune
Indian Student	1
Joys of Emigration	1
Old Man's Will, The	1
Remember, I'm His Mother	1 with tune
She Is Bound but Won't Obey	1
Twelve Joys of Mary	4 with tune
You Gentlemen of England Fare	1
Waxford Town	1 with tune

List of Dance and Dance Tunes in the Archive

Title	*Version*	*Record No.*
Bennington Quick Step	1	
Bonaparte's March Crossing the Alps	1	metal disc
Brattleborough Quick Step	1	
Cotillon	2	
Durange Hornpipe	1	metal disc
Military Schottische	1	140
Tempest	1	140
West's Quadrille Changes	7	

FIDDLE TUNES ON DISCS

	Place	*Name of Fiddler*
Arkansas Traveler	Quechee	Barton
Break-down		
Call Tunes		
Grand Lady Sugar Reel		
Liverpool Hornpipe		
Old Gray Mare		
On the Road to Boston		

LIST OF TUNES RECORDED BY DICTAPHONE

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
Allen	Reading	Hartford Wreck	31	1
Armstrong	Springfield	Blood Powder Shun, Man in Love, Calomel, John Mitchell, Fox and His Wife, Brine O'Lynne	128	6
		Heights of Alma (cont.), Morressey and Rooshian, Two Lovers Meet, Bell in the Muck	129	4
		Skewball, John Barleycorn, King William, Farmer's Son, McNally's Row of Flats, Heights of Alma	130	6
		Barbara Allen (Child 84), Fair Charlotte, Gospel Train, Spiritual Railway	143	4
Ashford	Groton	Peter Amberly, Lord Thomas (Child 73), Fair Margaret and Sweet William (Child 74), Mantle So Green, Young Charlotte, Military Schottische, The Tempest, Jimmie and Nancy	140	8

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
Atwood	St. Albans	On Springfield Mountain	64	1
Bailey	Newbury	Young Man Who Couldn't Hoe Corn, Old Maid's Song, On Greenland Mt.	24	3
Baldwin	Springfield	Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin (Child 277)	97	1
Barton	Quechee	In the Days of '49, On the Road to Boston and other fiddle tunes, Morning Star	147	5
Beers	Springfield	Toddle Song	104	1
		Stratton Mountain	105	1
		Florella, On Springfield Mt.	106	2
Bell	Burlington	Down in the Lowlands, Young Strongboy	32	2
Bemis	Baltimore	Fiddle Tunes, Steamboat Quickstep, Lamplighter's Hornpipe, McLoud's Reel, Larry O'Gaff	1	5
Bent	Westminster	Knee Trotting Song	28	1
Blake	Hartland	Quaker's Wooing, Madam, I Have a Very Fine Field	141	2
Blodgett	N. Springfield	Wilkes Lovell	57	1
Brigham	E. Calais	Gypsy Daisy (Child 200)	69	1
Burditt	Springfield	Butcher Boy	34	1
		Slavery Days	36	1
		Captain Wedderburn's Courtship (Child 46), Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (Child 105)	38	2
		Lord Banner (Child 81), Tune the Old Cow Died On	43	2
		Dad's Dinner Pail	118	
Calhoun	E. Dorset	Ghost of Willey O, Barney, the Lad from Kildare	119	2
Canfield	Woodstock	Frog Song, I Don't Like to See	144	2
Chandler	Woodstock	Old Fox Song, Frog Song	144	2
Churchill	Brandon	Irish Wedding, Hurrah for Old New England	112	1
		Old Grey Horse, Vt. Farmer's Song, Jogging Along, Babylon	111	
Cooke	Wellesley	Dog and Gun	39	1
Daniels	E. Calais	Silver Dagger, Granger John, Will the Weaver, Henry Green, Cambric Shirt (Child 2)	122	5
		Journeyman Tailor, Light in the Window, Remember, I'm His Mother	124	1

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
(with Mr. George)		Ancient Courtship	65	1
		Wilkins and Dinah, Sheffield Apprentice, Polly	148	3
		Johnstown Flood, There Was a Tree	149	2
Dennison		Lord Randall (Tyranty) (Child 12)	40	1
Doten	N. Calais	Stratton Mt. Tragedy, Frog's Wooing, Quaker's Wooing	67	3
		Humns, Thief on the Cross, Salem's Bright Shore, Valley of Peace	116	3
Dutton	Brookfield Ctr.	Way Down in Egypt Land	142	1
Eaton	S. Royalton	We Hunted and We Hollered, The Two Sisters (Child 10), Billy Boy, Piper's Son, Dumb Wife, My Old Brown Coat and Me	131	5
		In Good Old Colony Times, Consider, Good Cow, Consider	134	2
Edwards	Burlington	Come Buy My Pretty Posies	65	1
		Tib the Grey Mare, Hang-ed I Shall Be	74	2
		Lovell, the Robber, Lover's Quarrel, London Trooper	78	3
		Lord Thomas (Child 73)	81	1
		Old Tune, Bonny Earl of Murray (Child 181), St. Stephen and Herod (Child 22)	117	2
		The Scolding Wife	117	1
		Edward (Child 13)	121	1
		Apple Paring Song, Corn-Husking Song	122	2
Flanders	Springfield	Johnny Morgan, Go In and Out the Window	80	2
		Jolly Old Roger	95	1
Girard		Green Mt. Ranger, Champion Doll Jig, Casey Jones	3	3
		Wreck of '97, Devil's Dream, Big Ear Mule, Old Hoe-Down	37	4
George	N. Montpelier	Mary and Willie, Edmon Dell, Mary Wyatt, Fair Ella	63	4
		Poor Soldier (Secondary Child 8)	65	1
		House Carpenter (Child 243),		

Singer	Place	Song	Record No.	Versions
		Woodsman's Alphabet, Western Rangers	69	3
		Fair Lucy (Child 51), Green Mt. Boys, James McDonald	67	3
		Frenchman's Ball	76	1
		Green Willow Tree (Child 286)	77	1
		Poor Sailor Boy	80	1
		Gerry's Rock, Bold Boatman	119	2
		Outlandish Knight (Child 4), Irish Song, Farmer's Boy, Davey Crockett, Biddy Will Meet Me, Golden Victory (Child 286)	120	6
		I've Only Been Down to the Club, Louisa, Major's Britches, Old Maid Song, Rich Merchant	145	3
		Unconstant Lover, Last Night I Dreamed, Little Mohee, No One to Welcome Me Home	146	2
		John Reilly, William Cook	151	2
Goodrich	Putney	Twelve Joys of Mary	11	1
		Fair Charlotte, Devil's Courtship	89	2
Green	Springfield	Little Mohoe, King Henry V's Conquest of France (Child 164)	23	2
		Fair Charlotte	108	1
Haley	Cuttingsville	James Bird, Fair Charlotte, Wild Cowboy, Two Brave Boys in Blue	25	3
		Gerry's Rock, Belle of Long Lake	30	2
Hall	Ludlow	Bold Boatsman, Derby Ram	59	2
		Old Indian's Lament	57	1
Harrington	Bennington	In the Town of Oxford, Two Dukes (Child 170—Sec. Ballad)	101	2
		Outlandish Knight (Child 4)	102	1
		Fair Fanny More, Jack Dolden	103	2
Harvey	Woodstock	Yorkshire Bite (Sec. Child 283), Fair Mary (Child 100)	121	2
		In Good Old Colony Times	134	2
Hayward	Springfield	Frog Song, Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin (Child 277)	97	2

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
Horton	Plymouth Union	Brooklyn Theatre Fire, Hartford Wreck	58	2
		Boy Killed by a Tree in Hartford	64	1
Ingalls	Windsor	Fair Florella, Stie in my Pocket, Sylvie	9	3
		Lily of Lake Champlain, Green Willow Tree (Child 286), Mermaid (Child 289), Green Grows the Laurel	22	4
		Mary Blaine	33	1
		Billy Boy, Jim Fiske	12	2
Kennison	Townshend	Two Brothers (Child 49), Jew's Daughter (Child 155), Gentleman of Exeter	13	3
		Down by the Old Oak Tree, Jim Fiske, Little Mohoe	44	3
		Sylvie, Fox and Hare	82	2
		Farmer's Curst Wife (Child 278), Barney, Casey	83	3
		Ten Thousand Miles Away	84	1
		John Riley	85	1
		Lord Thomas (Child 73)	86	1
		Lord Bakeman (Child 53)	87	1
		Poor Soldier (Sec. Child 8)	88	1
		Murdered by a Brother	108	1
		On Springfield Mountain	106	1
Knapp		Fragments	93	
Lorette	Manchester	Lord Randall (Child 12), Lincoln, Lidy O, Erin Go Bragh, Devil's Courtship	10	4
		Butcher Boy, Three Hunters	15	2
		Sing Fol I dy Ard	32	1
		Green Bushes	90	1
		Fellow That Looks Like Me	91	1
		Frog Song, Scolding Wife (Child 278), Lonesome Low (Child 286)	94	3
Luce	S. Pomfret	Cambric Shirt (Child 2), Lovely Sailor Lad	21	2
		Perry's Victory (cont.), Old Maid's Complaint, Pretty Polly Perkins, Crying Family	42	4
Martenis	Putney	Johnny, the Miller, Betsie Baker	5	2

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
Merrill	Charlestown, N. H.	Gerry's Rock, O Cruel Was My Father, Big Jeest, Henry K. Sawyer, Patrick Shayen, Gay Spanish Maid, Come Down Come Down from Yon Dreary Gallows, Irish Mail Robber	19	8
		Lord Bakeman, Barbary Allen (Child 84), House Carpenter (Child 243), India's Burning Sand, Pat O'Brien	29	5
		Young Strongbow, Charming Sally Ann, Guy Reed, Woodsman's Alphabet, Crafty Farmer (Child Sec. 283)	46	5
		Sea Song, Irish Mail Robber	47	2
		Margaret Grey, Fair Charlotte, Lord Banner (Child 81), Lovely Jimmie	20	3
		Edward Darling, Henry Orrison, Old Kelly	46	3
Mills	Florence	The Burning of the Granite Mill, My Grandmother's Arm Chair	132	2
Mitchell	Woodstock	Two Sisters (Child 10)	7	1
		Springfield Mountain	33	1
Morton	Groton	Rich Farmer, Dog and Gun, Boston Burglar, Into My Father's Care, Fall River Tragedy, My Love Is Like a Little Bird	136	6
		Lord Bateman (Child 53), Cruel Wife, Murder of John Dugar, Canoe Song, Farmer's Curst Wife (Child 278)	137	5
		Major's Son	138	1
Patrick	N. Montpelier	Montreal Express	150	1
		Old Maid Song (Sister Susan)	151	1
Perkins	Rutland	Old Cromwell, Cambric Shirt (Child 2)	27	2
		Cambric Shirt (cont.), Roy Neal, Anything, Wisconsin Emigrant	35	4
		In Good Old Colony Times	38	1
Perry	Chester	Basket Maker's Child, Byron on the Moor	122	2

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
Pierce	Cuttingsville	True Story, Christy Leroy, Lawyer Outwitted	33	3
		Half-Hitch (Sec. Child 31), Lord Bakeman (Child 53), Sailor Boy, Fair Charlotte	34	4
		Half-Hitch (cont.)	36	
Putney Version of Lord Bakeman (Child 53)			28	1
Richardson	Springfield	Auld Soldier, Round, Christ in the Garden	95	3
		In the Town of Oxford	96	1
Rosebrooke	Burke	Irish Wedding, Soldier's Letter	138	2
		Soldier's Letter (cont.)	139	
Sessions	Vergennes	Pirate Song, Minute Gun, Derby Ram, Billy Boy	18	3
Sheldon	Dorset	Derby Ram	96	1
		Old Woman All Skin and Bones, Napoleon Song	98	2
Shepard	Baltimore	Drummer Boy of Waterloo, Brave Wolfe	74	2
		Nell of Narragansett Bay, Young Sailor Bold	75	2
		Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (Child 105), Lawyer Outwitted, Blackwater Side, Robert Kidd, Bonny Bunch of Roses, Brave Wolfe	70	6
		Lord Bakeman (Child 53)	72	1
		Jimmy Randall (Child 12)	68	1
Sicily	N. Calais	Fair Lucy (Child 51), Three Ships (Child 286), Poor Old Dad	116	2
Steward	Dorset	Fiddle Tunes, Rafferty's Reel, McLoud's Reel	4	2
Sullivan	Springfield	Suffolk Miracle (Child 272), Barbary Allen (Child 84)	8	2
		Barbary Allen (cont.), Captain Wedderburn's Courtship (Child 46), Broomfield Hill (Child 43), Mary and Her Servant Man, Children in the Wood, Daily Growing, Katherine Jaffrey (Child 221), Banks of Claudy (Child 243), Mermaid (Child 289)	17	10
		Mountains of Pomeroy	30	1

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
		Lord Randall (Child 12), Banks of Claudy (repetition)		1
		Pretty Polly, Children in the Wood (repetition)	31	2
		O, Cruel Was My Father	39	1
		Pretty Polly, Sailor and Lady	40	1
		Jamie, Mary of the Wild Moor, Hunting Song	41	3
		Pirate Ship, Captain Neville O, Barney	44	3
		False Knight on the Road (Child 3), Fair Kathleen, Lakes of Col Finn, Banks of Sweet Lock Ray	45	4
		Mountains of Pomeroy (repetition), Lamkin (Child 93)	74	1
		Cherry Tree Carol (Child 54), Twelve Joys of Mary, The Cuckoo, Ship that Never Returned	52	4
		A Noble Lord	51	1
		Cherry Tree Carol, Frog Song, Fox Went Out, Banks of the Nile (poor record)	59	4
		Lord of Ludderdale, Bessie of Ballingdon Brae	112	2
Tatro	Springfield	Butterfly, When I Was Single	29	2
		Lord Randall (Child 12), William Taylor, Hen Song, Fox and Goose	99	4
		Tragedy of Suncook (N. H.), Two Little Kittens, John Grumlie	100	2
Taylor	Putney	Down in the Lowland, Gyp Comes Tripping o'er the Plain (Child 200)	89	2
Tolin	Brockways Mills	Murder of Sarah Vail	127	1
Wade	Wallingford	Boys from Vermont, Drinking Song	111	2
		Three Boochers	113	3
		Erin's Green Shore, Traced Her Little Footsteps	114	1
		Cambric Shirt (Child 2), Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin (Child 277), A Forerunner of "Johnny Sands"	115	2

Singer	*Place*	*Song*	*Record No.*	*Versions*
		Willy Weaver, Yorkshire Bite (Sec. Child 283), Silver Dagger	118	3
		Poor Little Looloo Boy	121	
Wales	Burlington	House Carpenter (Child 286), On Springfield Mountain	14	2
Walker	Dummerston	I Will Sing	6	1
Waters	Brattleboro	Virginal Three (Child 286), All Things Smiling	28	2
		Miller's Three Sons, A Round	54	2
Weeks	Springfield	Fiddle Tunes, Hull's Victory, Fisher's Hornpipe, Chase the Squirrel, Speed the Plow, California Reel	49	5
Wheeler	Burlington	Springfield Mountain, Jiffrey, James and John	2	2
		Bold Soldier (Sec. Child 8)	7	1
Williams	Lower Waterford	Yorkshire Bite (Sec. Child 283), Tim Finnigan's Wake	66	2
		Andrew Bardeen (Child 167), Will the Weaver, Botany Bay	60	3
Wilson	Springfield	Barbara Allen, Old Woman, Danby Joe, Hodge, Irish Song Tossing the Hay, "Hi" Said the Robin, Maginis	133	8
		Is Love a Pleasure?	135	1

VERMONT REPRESENTATION

Amsden
Andover
Arlington
Ascutney

Baltimore
Barnard
Barnet
Bellows Falls
Bennington
Bradford
Brandon
Brattleboro
Bridgewater
Brookfield
Brookline
Brownington
Burke
Burlington

Cabot
Canaan
Cavendish
Chester
Chester Depot
Cuttingsville

Danville
Dorset
Dummerston

East Burke
East Calais
East Corinth
East Dorset

Ferrisburg
Florence

Gassetts
Grafton
Groton

Hardwick
Hartland

Irasburg

Jamaica
Jeffersonville
Johnson

Landgrove
Lower Waterford
Ludlow
Lyndonville

Manchester Center
Manchester Depot
Marlboro
Mendon
Middlebury
Morrisville
Mount Holly

Newbury
Newfane
Northam
North Calais
North Clarendon
North Montpelier
North Shrewsbury
North Springfield
Norwich

Panton
Perkinsville
Pittsford
Plainfield
Plymouth
Plymouth Union
Poultney
Putney

Quechee

Randolph
Reading
Readsboro
Rockingham
Rutland

Sandgate
Shaftsbury
Shrewsbury
South Londonderry
South Pomfret
South Royalton
South Ryegate
South Woodstock
Springfield
St. Albans
St. Johnsbury
Stowe
Sutton

Townshend
Tunbridge
Tyson

Vanceboro
Vergennes
Vernon

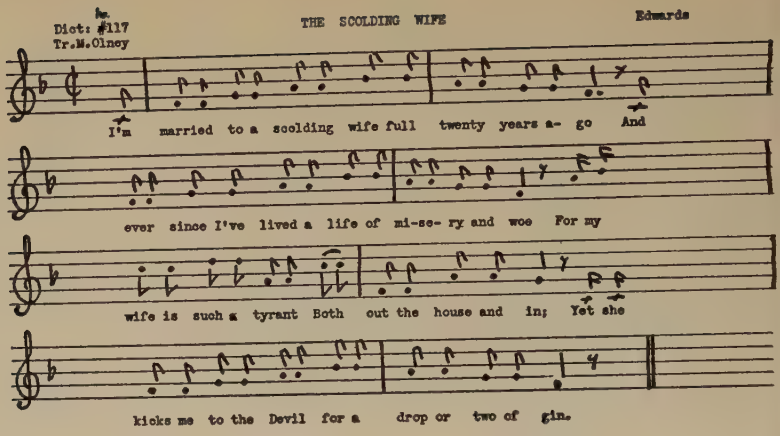
Wallingford
Wardsboro
Waterford
Weathersfield
Westminster
West Fairlee
West Pawlet
West Wardsboro
Weston
White River Junction
Whitingham
Windsor
Woodbury
Woodford
Woodstock

THREE VERMONT BALLADS

1. The Scolding Wife
2. Edward
3. The Ghost of Willie O

Descriptive notes by

Helen Hartness Flanders



Copied from a broadside in a scrapbook loaned the Archive in early October, 1934, by Mrs. Ella Doten of North Calais, Vermont. Mr. George Edwards knew the tune and put it on a dictaphone record. Dictaphone No. 117.

THE CROAKED RIB
and the
SCOLDING WIFE

I'm married to a scolding wife, full twenty years ago,
And ever since, I've lived a life of misery and woe,
For my wife is such a tyrant Both out the house and in
Yet she kicks me to the Devil for a drop or two of gin.

She rises in the morning, steps out to get a dram,
While I dress myself and go to work as quiet as a lamb;
When I come home to breakfast perhaps she'll punch my head,
And then again at dinner time, I find her drunk in bed.

If I come home at tea time, I patiently must stop
'Til she has drained the teapot, then poor I must take the slop;
And should I hap to say a word, or even seem to gloom,
Full well I know the consequence, the poker is my doom.

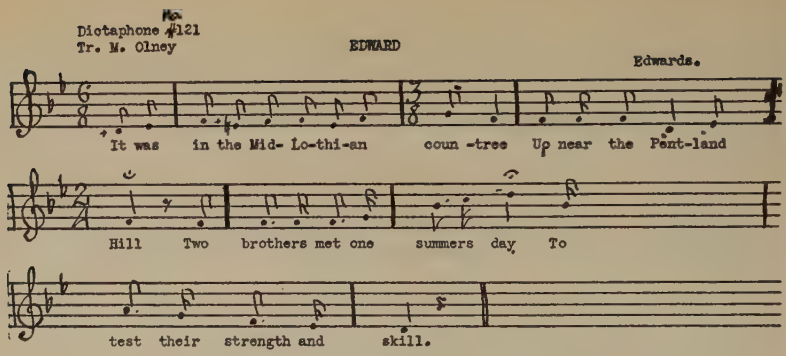
Should I go with my companions to take a drop of stout,
She'll hunt through all the neighborhood until she finds me out;
Then she'll hold me up to ridicule before the company
Saying, "petticoat your master is, and evermore shall be."

Last night at ten o'clock, says I, "my dear, I'll go to bed,"
And scarcely on my pillow laid ten minutes was my head,
When like a roaring lion she opened the door,
She haul'd me out of bed and threw me slap upon the floor.

Then tables, chairs and poker, like fury she let fly,
With her nails she scratch'd my face, and with the bellows black'd my eye,
She tore my shirt in pieces, broke my smellers with a broom,
And banged me with a fire shovel up and down the room.

I roar'd out horrid murder—the watchman broke the door,
And found my wife a beating me so neatly on the floor.
The neighbors all alarmed, came to stop the strife,
Or really I believe, she'd taken my poor life.

Had I ten thousand soverigns, I'd give them with good will,
To send my wife a twelve month unto the treading mill;
Or would the devil take her, I'd thank him for his pains,
And hang me with my garters before I'd wed again.



Sent to H. H. F. by Mr. George Edwards of Burlington, Vermont, as it came down through the Douglas branch of his family. He writes: "Rosslyn Woods (as my grandfather used to spell it) was very near to the famous Roslin Castle, one of the famous old castles of Scotland." Mr. Edwards has given a dictaphone record of his singing of this song to the Archive, January 22, 1934. I think in the following text Vermont is eligible to congratulations from all American collectors. Dictaphone No. 121.

EDWARD BALLAD

(Child 13)

It was in the Mid-Lothian countree
Up near the Pentland Hills,
Two brothers met one summer's day
To test their strength and skill.

Edward was the eldest one,
And John was the younger man,
They were equally matched in every way
To try what valor can.

"Shall we go to the school grounds?
Or will we remain at the Hall?
But, better we go to the greenwood,
To see which of us must fall?"

"No, we'll not go to the school grounds,
Nor will we remain at the Hall,
But we will go to Rosslyn Woods
To see which of us will fall."

They struggled long for the mastery,
Till shadows told the end of day,
When Edward waxed wroth at his failure,
And with his sword did his brother slay.

"Now brother, I know that I must die,
And I conjure you ere I go
That you will not tell the folks at home
How this happened, nor let them know.

"Now lift me up upon your back,
And take me to the church-yard fair,
Dig my grave both broad and deep
And lay my body there.

"You will place my arrows at my head,
My bow put at my feet,
My sword and buckler at my side
As though I were asleep.

"When you go home, to my true love,
She'll ask for her lover John;
Say you left me in the church-yard fair
But you fear I'll never come home.

"When you go home to our sister,
She'll ask for her brother John;
Tell her I've gone to Stirling Carse
To see the King upon his throne.

"When you go home to our parents,
They'll ask you, 'Where is John?'
Tell them I am at the Abbot's house
Studying there alone."

When he came home to John's true love,
She asked for her lover John,
He said, "I left him in the fair church-yard
And I fear he will never come home."

When he came home to his sister,
She asked for her brother John;
He told her he had gone to the Carse of Stirling
To see the King upon his throne.

When he came home to his parents
They asked for their son John;
"I left him at the Abbot's school
To study there alone."

"What blood is that on thy coat front, Edward?
It's as red as it can be."
"It is the blood of my great hawk
That uncle gave to me."

"Brother raise me up and help me to walk,
Take me to yon stream so fair,
Wash the blood from out my wounds
So they will bleed no more.

"Take off, from me, my holland shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And bind my wounds so tight about
That they will bleed no more."

He raised his brother upon his feet,
And helped him to the stream so fair,
Frantically he bathed his bloody wounds,
But they bled more and more.

Edward took off his holland shirt,
And tore it from gore to gore,
And tightly bound his brother's wounds
But yet they bled the more.

"Hawk's blood was never so red, son,
Come and tell the truth to me."
"It is the blood of my greyhound, mother,
He would not run for me."

"That's not the blood of a hound, son,
That is very plain to see;
Is it not the blood of thy brother John?
Come, and tell the truth to me."

"It is the blood of brother John,
Oh mother! woe is me,
I slew him in a fit of rage,
Now the truth I have told thee.

"You have always told me, mother,
Eldest sons must ne'er give in,
The family name and title
Must always be sure to win."

"What penance will you do, son,
To wipe away the stain?"
"I'll sail away across the seas,
And never come back again."

"What will you leave your wife and son,
If you sail beyond the seas?"
"I'll leave them my towers and hall, mother,
Which mean nothing, now, to me."

"What will you leave your mother, Edward,
Who has been so fond of thee?"
"I'll leave with her the memory of
Wrong counsel given me."

"When will you return, my son?
I shall long thy face to see!"
"When the sunlight and moonbeams meet on the green
And that will never be."

Dict: #119 THE GHOST OF WILLIE O Daniells

Tr. m.Olney

Dai-ly I've been writ-ing To the Bay of Bis-ky O, But cruel

fate brings me no an-swer From mine own Will - ie O.

One night as Ma-ry lay sleep-ing To her door her love came

creep - ing To her cham-ber door so slow said Mary

rise and put on your clothes For I'm your Will -ie O.

Then Ma-ry rose and put on her clothes To the

cham-ber door did go And there she found her own true love

With his face as white as snow. Willie dear where art the

flushes? That you had some time a- go? O Ma-ry dear it is the

clay that has changed me For I'm the Ghost of Will-ie O.

No. 1F

Sent in August 31, 1934, by Mrs. Anna Calhoun of East Dorset, Vermont, as learned from her mother. The latter came from Ireland and learned it there. Dictaphone No. 119.

THE GHOST OF WILLIE O

Daily I've been writing
To the Bay of Bisky O,
But cruel fate brings me no answer
From mine own Willie O.

One night as Mary lay sleeping,
To her door, her Love came creeping
To her chamber door so slow,
Said, "Mary rise and put on your clothes
For I'm your Willie O."

Then Mary rose and put on her clothes,
To the chamber door did go,
And there she found her own true Love
With his face as white as snow.

"Willie dear where art the flushes
That you had some time ago?"
"O Mary dear it is the clay that has changed me,
For I'm the Ghost of Willie O."

They spent the night together
Until the cocks began to crow;
"Now Mary dear I must forever leave you
So weep no more for your Willie O."

SPEAKING FROM VERMONT—*A REVIEW*

By H. J. Conant

Speaking from Vermont. By George D. Aiken. 233 pp. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. 1938.

This book "is opened with expectation and closed with profit" by all Vermonters (and others, too), for the author might say with Montaigne, "All the world may know me by my book."

These comments do not purport to be a review of the book but are, according to the editor's direction, no more than a summary giving some of its high lights. As stated by the author, "The object of this book is to tell, simply and sincerely, the thoughts of a New England hill farmer in the belief that his ideas are representative of many millions of people throughout the land." The thoughts told relate mainly to current political and economic questions which as the author points out are closely interdependent these days. Underlying these, one glimpses occasionally the philosophical mind of the writer portraying the fundamentals of the traditional New England character. The first chapter sets the stage for the rest of the book in showing the historical background of all Vermonters, a background which develops self-reliance, thrift and self-respect together with liberal and progressive ideas with regard to the functions of government. Here the author first pays tribute to local self-government, which he repeats again and again throughout the book, reverencing it as the foundation stone of true democracy. "One of the paramount issues in American government today," he writes, "is centralized versus local control of local affairs." "The present need is for an active, sincere and liberal opposition to the administration that is leading us straight to centralized control of every one's private affairs."

We can imagine how false many ideas of the New Deal appear to Governor Aiken, although he boldly proclaims his belief in many of its objectives. The policy of the Federal Resettlement Administration especially concerns him who was born and lives on a hill farm. He tells the story of how Vermont defeated this movement that sought to turn into recreational and forest areas fifty-five per cent of

the state. He himself was chairman of the legislative committee considering this matter. He shows in detail the practical as well as the sentimental reasons that attach people to mountain farms and writes: "I hope the time will never come when the hills, submarginal land or otherwise, will be closed to occupancy as homes."

His hope will not be a vain one, for there is a growing movement of people from the industrial centers to the hill farms, a movement which he himself has done much to promote.

Another idea that the Governor stresses repeatedly is that of coöperation, especially as contrasted with regulation. He regards coöperation as an essential means of maintaining self-government. "I believe the opportunity to make our lives richer, the opportunity to maintain through coöperation the self-reliance and initiative, which will inevitably be lost by depending too largely upon regulation, and the opportunity to maintain in America a government run by the people themselves, is still open to us." "The key to permanent agricultural betterment lies not in compulsory regulation but in coöperation."

Vermont is largely free from the conflict of interests that are incited by politicians and opportunists. The people are coming to realize that agriculture, industry and labor are interdependent. "An alternative to government wholly by regulation may be had by organization of laborers, industries or professions—coöperation."

Not only must groups coöperate with each other, but there must be coöperation between government and business. "Our need is sincere coöperation between government and business. That alone means a restoration of confidence." Reliance must be upon private industry. "The way out is through private industry." "Business activity has always been the cause and necessary agent for an improved standard of living."

"We must also recognize the role of profit in business. Reasonable profit from legitimate business conducted with legitimate practices should not be questioned. This provides a motive for the creation of wealth for society, and wealth for society means higher standards of living."

The status of youth in government appeals especially to Governor Aiken and is exemplified in his own life. Here again, the value of local government is emphasized as a steppingstone to higher political advancement. "We need youth today, in the capacity of both office

holders and civil servants." In his letter to the Republican National Committee he wrote, "My second demand is that the National Committee set before itself, as a major aim, the winning to the Party of the youth of the nation, and the placing upon it of the serious responsibilities of party leadership."

There is no space to go into further details. No one realizes better than the author of this statement that no mention has been made of many other ideas and comments set forth in the book, but, after all, this is a summary, and to end as I began with a quotation from Montaigne, "A summary of a good book is a stupid thing."

POSTSCRIPT

THE thesis that a village or a town has a distinct personality could not probably be maintained so far as many states are concerned, but surely in Vermont we could make some headway in proving that many a village, hamlet, or town does possess a very definite individuality that is the sum of a complex mixing of many elements, dominated by some personal or group force that has infused a long-lasting, marked quality into the community life and history. The sentence just completed reveals an academic mind attempting a definition; so I turn hastily to a quotation from an impressive address by Doctor John M. Thomas, identified with Vermont for many years and at present chairman of the committee responsible for the guidance of Norwich University. The address is entitled, "The Influence of Washington upon American Character," and the quotation I am giving phrases the idea I have in mind far more effectively than any defining process can.

Here it is:

In a New England state with which I am familiar may be found side by side townships of nearly identical natural advantages which nevertheless differ greatly in the appearance of their homes and fields, and in the prosperity and character of their citizens. Some are known as "good towns," in which one rides through rich and heavy-yielding farms, by pleasing homes and spacious barns, and notes well-ordered schoolyards and a graceful meetinghouse with well-proportioned spire and beside it God's acre carefully tended within its border of spruces and elms. Inquiry and acquaintance disclose that the men of the "good town" are thrifty and prosperous, intelligent and progressive in their farming operations, conscientious and competent in the discharge of public duty, and in many instances men known at some distance from their homes for their dependability and sturdy character.

I have in mind one such "good town" which has never exceeded 2000 in population, which has been the birthplace of a Governor of the state, a United States Senator of pre-eminent ability, a college President, a member of the American Bible Revision Committee, a

pioneer of national reputation in his time in the anti-slavery agitation, and a Shakespearian critic who has perhaps done more than any other American to create informed appreciation of the great dramatist.

Not far away in the same fertile valley are towns which may claim the nativity of not one single man of distinction. The houses are poorly designed and illy kept. Ruined fences ramble through neglected lilac bushes, outlining what was once the ambition of a lawn before the front door, although now the door is never opened. The barns are ungainly, the yards unkempt, and strewn with machinery rusting in the rain. The schoolhouses show neglect, and the crumbling sheds behind the ugly meetinghouse proclaim the poor estate of religion. The bank at the county seat is chary of making loans in that community, and neighboring townsmen speak of it with New England charity and economy of epithet as "not a very good town."

Investigation proves that those differences between towns of equal natural advantages have existed since their origin at the time of their settlement. The town which has never established a character, whose name is a byword for backwardness and poverty, will be found invariably to have been settled by a mixed multitude of indifferent sort, whose origin and history have not been thought worthy of preservation. When the investigator delves into the original records of such a community, he discovers facts whose publication would not increase his popularity in that locality. On the other hand, in no case has a "good town" established and maintained its reputation for thrift and character, unless its history records that a small group of men of outstanding worth and ability were the leaders at its very foundation. I could take you to New England towns where, to one who knows their history, the stamp of one man dead for more than a century is as plain upon its elm-lined streets and Georgian houses, upon its stately church and its schoolhouse on the green as the track of a glacier down a New England valley.

"The stamp of one man dead for more than a century"—how true it is that more than one Vermont community still shows the influence of such a man! I hope that some one of our readers may find the inspiration to study some Vermont village or town in the light of the thought in the quotation—study his subject not as an economist or sociologist, whose findings invariably run to formulas but as a humanist, interested in the play of personality through the

facts the others formulate. It would be an appealing and enlightening story of abiding value.

* * * * *

A correspondent sends me this query: "Vermont was once famous for its healing springs; are they still healing?" Vermont spring-water, cool and pure from its mountains, should be healing, but I think the "era of the healing springs" is over—just why I must leave to those more competent than I am to explain. In a sense, it was an amazing period; thousands came, the humble and the great, to drink of the springs, and if one can believe the records, the benefits were remarkable. Among my documents is a brochure entitled, *Guilford Spring Water—Its History and the Wonderful Cures Performed by the Use of the Water with Testimony of Physicians and Invalids.* "The spring in Guilford Centre, Vermont," according to the brochure, "seven miles from Brattleboro', has been known for many years, particularly in its own neighborhood and the vicinity, for its healing and invigorating powers." We learn that the spring was called the "Guilford Pool," that "Dr. Erastus Root, a native of Guilford, wrote a dissertation on the spring, which was read before the Second Medical Society of the State of Vermont on the 8th of January, 1817." Doctor Root places the spring on "the farm of Major Edward Houghton, nearly a mile west of the Congregational meetinghouse."

Doctor Root's dissertation resulted in bringing the spring to the public's attention, and we are told that "people, far and near, flocked to the spring—to such an extent that the proprietor of the spring had it enclosed," the result being that the angry spring-seekers tore down his house, so he filled the spring; his heir, however, rescued the spring "to the delight of the people." Later on, in 1868, we are told that "a company of gentlemen of a scientific and business character purchased the estate within which the spring was located."

These gentlemen, clearly enough, saw other possibilities in the spring besides its healing qualities. "State Assayers of Massachusetts" analyzed the water, and Doctor Charles T. Jackson reported that the water was "very much like the German Seltzer water, but much more tonic." Other chemists of recognized standing supported his conclusion. In my brochure twelve pages of signed testimonials appear; among the diseases cured we find female weakness, dyspepsia,

scrofula, rash, salt rheum, scald head, ivy poison—to mention a few. Mr. Jarvis Root, then a resident of Brattleboro, testifies that as a boy he made many trips to the spring to procure the water for the benefit of invalids who stopped at his father's house. We read: "He remembers one lady in particular, who was so entirely helpless when she was arrived, that she was lifted from her carriage, and who, after stopping about a week, was able to get in the carriage and drive off herself." The list of references gives the names of fourteen physicians, two members of Congress, and an ex-mayor of Boston.

As for other details, we learn from the brochure that the water was beneficial in bottled form, that a case of twenty-four bottles cost nine dollars, that an "over-dose of the water" might cause a dull feeling in the head. The warning is given that alcoholic drinks and tobacco, also tea and coffee should not be indulged in while taking the water.

All comments in the *Postscript* are to be regarded as suggestive rather than final, but I believe that all or most of the springs were developed and advertised along the same plan as the Guilford Spring. At Highgate Falls, there was the Champlain Spring; at South Hero, the Iodine Spring House; at Bloomfield, the Brunswick Springs which have been advertised in recent years. The list of healing springs could be greatly extended.

The reason for the decline of the healing springs' era would make an interesting study in the foibles and fads of men. It might show that the healing springs are still healing springs; it might support the inference that abstinence from stimulants, in combination with Vermont food, air, and serenity of living, also contributed a part to the recovery to which the invalids testify. Scientific investigation, using present methods, might show that some of the springs really merit attention by virtue of their medicinal qualities; possibly they should be developed; but I leave the issue to others. At present, it seems clear that the "healing springs" heal no longer.

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The public addresses by Governor George D. Aiken have drawn national attention to Vermont, and they are expressive of an attitude essentially "Vermontish" in essence, but queries which come to us indicate that there is some confusion as to the fundamentals implied

in that attitude; so I asked H. J. Conant, librarian of the Vermont State Library, and a personal friend of Governor Aiken for many years, to restate some of those fundamentals for us.

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The Manchester Historical Society has set a good example for Vermont communities which have not published histories. Mr. Carl M. Chapin, a member of the Society, has written a booklet, *Manchester in Vermont History*, which, it seems to me, might be used as a model for a brief, inexpensive historical sketch that has many uses. The booklet is thirty pages in length, simply but tastefully printed, and skilfully written. Such a small candle has a way of lighting a good many years, not only into the past, but into the future as it becomes the past.

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In 1931, at a meeting of the Committee on Vermont Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life, the chairman suggested as one project to be undertaken the gathering of Vermont ballads and folk-songs for publication in a book. His colleagues were doubtful if Vermont could furnish much of a collection, but luckily Mrs. Flanders volunteered to undertake the research. The proof of how richly and understandingly she has carried on her search is in this issue of the *Proceedings*. She has won national recognition for herself and for Vermont; she is at present Vermont representative of the International Commission on Folk Arts, a member of the National Committee of the National Folk Festival Association, chairman of the Committee on Folk Music and Folk Festivals of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, archivist of Vermont Folk Music. Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times*, has said of Mrs. Flanders and her work: "The true student of folk-song is born and cannot be made. In addition to inborn capacities and a most communicative ardor in her work, Mrs. Flanders has acquired the background of real knowledge which makes her writings and other contributions to this subject authoritative as well as entertaining."

As chairman of the committee referred to, I was concerned eight years ago with the thought that the ballads I knew were being sung

in the state might vanish even as they are now sinking with our older generation into the eternal silence of the hill cemeteries, and I hope readers and students who follow the *Proceedings* will do what they can to help Mrs. Flanders rescue these old ballads and songs before the certain silence falls. So I am pressing hard on available space in this issue to print her suggestions for prospecting for ballads—a statement that appeared in *The Clubwoman* of the General Federation:

Let club members discover their neighborhoods, seeking out from untrained singers what has been passed on orally from earlier generations—either of European, British, or early American extraction. (The idea seems to persist that a folk song must be about one's native state.) A folk song is any song with no known author which has been transmitted through many generations —almost like a game of gossip—altered by its singers and its locale. The last person to sing his or her version of the song has a correct version, no matter how it differs from others, if it was sung exactly as recalled.

Folk songs told the news among people. Tragedies, sea battles, border frays, romances, riddles (riddle questions and answers are among the oldest survivals), tavern songs, eternal triangles, murders, etc., were passed along by word of mouth in a tune that came to mind to the person who made up the words. Oftentimes it was a re-used tune, or one worked over. The tune usually sounds old-fashioned, not of our modern major and minor scales. Work songs also grew up with the rhythm or characteristics of the job.

Publish the accompanying open letter or its equivalent in each local newspaper where clubs are undertaking this research; also include magazines. Persons who know these old songs are usually glad to communicate with some one who likes them too. Until I declared interest in this material, I never knew that seven of my near neighbors had it. Any one may be a potential carrier. [Letter omitted in view of space limits. Ed.]

Make up an address book, listed alphabetically according to towns, as correspondence develops names and places.

During an interview some singer may forget a portion of a song. Press him to tell you who else might have learned the song, and add that address to your book. Often the new names yield many other songs in addition to the one under discussion.

Each club should use addresses in its immediate vicinity, referring any addresses in other towns to the clubs in those respective towns.

The stiff-cover spiral stenographer's notebook has proved most satisfactory equipment. Never leave the singer without having stated with the song the date, your name as collector, the place, the singer's name, and from whom and where was learned the song; also what the singer was told about the song when he learned it. This is important information, sometimes yielding new addresses.

Ask for loan of a dictaphone over week-ends from some business concern to get authentic records of songs. No dictaphone clearly records every word, so the collector must write as fast as possible during the singing, jumping ahead

to set down words, with wide-intervening spaces, if necessary, since few singers can safely be slowed (it affects their recollection). When the song is ended any gaps can be filled in. The collector should not leave the singer until the lines have been verified. All words should be written exactly as given from memory, with no suggestions from the collector in folk alterations, in rhyming or pronunciation. Some words will have no known spelling and must be set down spelled by sound.

Best results are in return visits where a singer, interested to recall these old songs for some one who appreciates them, agrees to try to set down any lines as they come to him. Many times the collector can leave with the singer a stamped, addressed envelope which makes it easier for the singer to forward any additional songs, or verses which may have occurred to him after the collector's departure.

Many singers do not know complete songs. Take down every fragment even if only a line, telling the singer, as is often the case, that some other singer may have furnished more of it which you will share with him. With the exception of such very common songs as "Billy Boy," "The Frog's Wooing," and like songs now found in nursery books as well as in oral transmissions, take *every* traditional song or fragment offered, because of interesting variations according to singer and locale.

Possibly some collector will interview a singer who has already given his songs to another collection. The first collector's work should be respected and the song credited to his collection.

Don't hurt your singer's feelings. Having been asked for what he learned orally, he may honestly offer "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," or "Little Brown Jug." If it upsets his train of recollections by being told that these have been available in print and that you can't use them, trouble to write them in your notebook. He may shortly remember also that he had learned by the same oral transmission "King Henry V's Conquest of France," "The Fair Fanny More" or "Binorie." There is always the excitement of hidden treasure in a folk-ballad quest.

The collector should be familiar with old ballads as found in Percy's *Reliques*, the *Oxford Book of Ballads*, and many another collection, and be prepared for their enhanced delight when discovered not as in cold print but sung by the last person to preserve it in the latest form of its original narrative tune, aged and seasoned by countless associations and manners of singing.

Discovered through state historical society collections, early American hymns should be earlier than 1820, if possible, and should be set into present-day notation by a trained musician. They should be learned and presented, as a part in the local Folk Festival as a part in a state annual convention or during yearly pilgrimages services in the oldest churches of the state.

Fiddle tunes can be recorded if the receiver of the dictaphone is held firmly against the sounding board of the violin.

Plan for an out-of-doors festival of traditional music open to the public sponsored by club members. To "educate" club members in their heritage, singers and fiddlers might now and then furnish music to winter club meetings. By early spring, singers and their songs, fiddlers and their tunes, and early American hymns should have been discovered, from which to plan programs

for local gatherings. From these "meets" representatives could be chosen to a festival or to an all-day program at the annual state convention of federated women's clubs.

It may turn out that after the festival more old songs are offered.

Only well-trained musicians who have the "detective-hearing" ear should transcribe dictaphone records into notes set with the words of the song. Folk-tunes have variants in modes, accents, pitches, tones, and sudden rubatos. They must be transcribed as sung, not as some musician might estimate.

Each club must determine whether mimeographing or a published book should make available the most entertaining as well as valuable items. This entire program may be undertaken by districts, too, as a district project.

A. W. P.